THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXII—No. 1072

JUNE 18, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

THE WEMBLEY RODEO—Striking Double Page in Colour

Spinet
The SUPER CIGARETTE
Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped
20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's
The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe
Spinet The SUPER Mixture
2/2 per 2oz. in enamelled pocket tins.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

HEDGES AND BUTLER LTD
WINE MERCHANTS
By appointment to H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
WINE LISTS ON APPLICATION
LONDON: 153 REGENT ST., W.1

LE TOUQUET (FRANCE).
To be near the Golf, yet on the Sea Front, stay at
"THE ATLANTIC HOTEL"
(Three minutes from the Golf)
Constant free car service to GOLF, TENNIS AND CASINO.
Apply for particulars to— ROBERT BENOIST, *Manager.*

The only Hotel on the Sea Front.
ROYAL BEACH HOTEL SOUTHSEA
EXCELLENT CUISINE.
Self-contained Suites.
MODERATE TARIFF.
Night Porter.
BOOK TO FRATTON STATION.
'Phone: 2081.
Telegrams: "Sunshine, Southsea."
MISS ARMSTRONG, Manageress.

BOURNVILLE COCOA
MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS
See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

ROOD & CO LTD
OVER 50 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR VALUE
52 & 53 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London, W.
DIAMONDS, PEARLS and other Precious Stones
PURCHASED OR EXCHANGED.
FINE JEWELS

By Appointment

By Appointment

The Amylyte

This hat presents an entirely new feature in gentlemen's Headwear.

It is a bowler hat embodying the comfort, lightness and flexibility of a soft felt.

Branches at :

8, Castle St., LIVERPOOL. 40, Westmoreland St., DUBLIN.

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W. C. RICHARDS & Co.,
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WOODROW LTD
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SCOTLAND'S GREATEST HOLIDAY LAND—

Sail to Aberdeen—along the bracing East Coast—in one of the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company's ships—splendidly equipped for comfort and convenience—catering the best money can provide—what more invigorating change than a North Sea trip ?

See Balmoral, Ballater, Braemar, Cruden Bay, Deeside, Donside, and the hundred trips and tours arranged for passengers.

Plentiful accommodation—motor tours amidst the world's finest scenery—golfing on many famous courses—fishing, bathing, beautiful walks — Aberdeen cannot be bettered as a holiday resort.

BI-WEEKLY SAILINGS EITHER WAY JUNE TO SEPTEMBER

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS : The Company's Steam Tender, "Ich Dien," attends the Steamers on their arrival in London, for the purpose of conveying passengers to Westminster Pier, Thames Embankment ; she also leaves that Pier with passengers for the Steamers One Hour before the advertised times of sailing from Limehouse.
Ask any Tourist Agency or write to-day for Leaflet "F," and full particulars of Fares and Allied Holiday Tours, post free from

ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION CO., LTD.
Aberdeen Wharf, Limehouse, E. (Phone : East 952).
Pitt & Scott's, 25, Cannon St (Phone : Bank 749).
Wheatley's, Ltd., 46, Beak St., Regent St., W. (Phone : Gerrard 3581)
Or HEAD OFFICE, 87, WATERLOO QUAY, ABERDEEN.

The Humber Eight

A well-known motoring expert recently tested a Humber 8 h.p. car, and this is what he said after the test :—

> The engine "turns" most astoundingly, and delivers the goods. Many small motors can be made to buzz merrily, but they don't seem to be bringing home the bacon after about 2,500 r.p.m., whereas this of the Humber gives real and manifest power for every revolution of the crankshaft. Another remarkable thing is its flexibility. One can vary one's pace from 5 to 45 m.p.h. on top gear, and yet the engine is scarcely more audible when running all-out than when just ticking over. Obviously this points *to exceptional design and very fine workmanship.*

If you are looking for a real motor car at moderate cost, and with an enviable maintenance economy, inspect the HUMBER.

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY.

LONDON :
City Showrooms :
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
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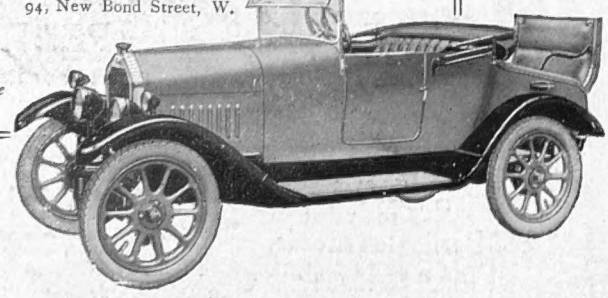
HUMBER HOUSE,
94, New Bond Street, W.

Dealers everywhere



FURNITURE

FOR IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL, BY ORDER OF A LADY OF TITLE.

Removed for convenience of Sale to the

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.

PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

This magnificent Collection comprises **HIGH GRADE MODERN FURNITURE** and Upholstery, **GENUINE ANTIQUE** and **WORKS OF ART**, carpets, pictures, books, etc., being offered regardless of original cost. CAN BE SEEN DAILY, 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. Any item may be had separately. Immediate delivery by motor lorries or stored free 12 months, payment when required.
Photographic Illustrated Catalogues (P), now ready, sent free on application.

THE COLLECTION OF DINING-ROOM FURNITURE and effects comprises some choice suites in styles of Queen Anne, William and Mary, Elizabethan, etc. A rare Old Oak Dresser is being offered for **£25** with a very unusual Charles II style old Trestle table for **14 guineas** ; 6 rare old Chairs to go with remainder at **£3 15s.** each ; old Refectory Table, **10 guineas.**

DINING-ROOM SET in finely waxed Jacobean oak, including Sideboard, Centre Table and Chairs complete, **16 guineas** ; a very handsome Sheraton style complete set, **30 guineas. A SIMILAR COMPLETE DINING-ROOM SET** of Chippendale design, **40 guineas**, ranging up to Complete Sets for **2,000 GUINEAS.**

DRAWING ROOM AND BOUDOIRS in English and Continental styles. Including some valuable specimens of Chinese Lacquer, Screens, Cabinets, etc.

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES covered with choice Brocade Silk and other Materials, offered as low as **3 guineas,** with superbly sprung **LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS** to match from **37s. 6d.** each, up to **25 guineas.** Hand-made Aubusson tapestry Wall Panels.

BEDROOMS and DRESSING ROOMS include some unique specimens of **ANTIQUE FOUR POST BEDS, TALLBOY AND OTHER CHESTS, GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE, OLD BUFFET DRESSING TABLES,** in styles of Elizabethan, William and Mary, Queen Anne, etc., all to be sold quite regardless of original cost. Complete Bedroom Suites in solid oak, from **7 guineas** ; very elegant Queen Anne design Bedroom Suite in oyster shell walnut, **27 guineas** up to **700 guineas.**

PIANOFORTES by Bechstein, Blüthner, Erard, Pleyel and other eminent makers, including Cottage Pianoforte for **10 guineas,** and Grand Pianoforte for **25 guineas.**

CARPETS, Persian, Turkey, Indian and English Axminster all offered at less than quarter the original cost, **COMPLETE CANTEENS** containing Cutlery by Mappin and Webb and other eminent makers, from **£4 17s. 6d.** A very fine set of 61 pieces in polished oak case being offered at **12 guineas.** Fine **CUT GLASS** and other Table Services. A very magnificent set of French Crystal Glass of 111 pieces being offered at **12 guineas.** Silver and Plate, Tea and Dinner Services, Grandfather and Bracket Chiming Clocks, 4 Iron Safes quantity of Bed and Table Linen, etc., etc.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN

Complete Photographic Illustrated Catalogues (P), now ready, may be had Free on application.

The FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.

PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.
'Buses Nos. 4, 19, 30 & 43 pass our door.
Goods packed, delivered in country, or shipped to any part.

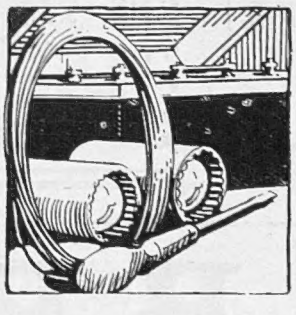
Prattitudes for MOTORISTS by a MOTORIST

Electric Lighting Logic

by H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE average motorist need not trouble one iota whether the electric-lighting system on his car is "double pole," "single pole," "six volt" or "twelve volt." Technicalities are not needed if he provides himself, and always carries on his car, a spare set of lamp bulbs, a foot of "5-ampere" fuse-wire, and a small screwdriver. If he will pull out the plugs of the battery once a month, and fill up the battery cells with pure distilled water—a quart will last him quite a long time, and any chemist can supply it—the motorist can do all the necessary work himself to keep the lighting in due order. That is all the work the ordinary motor-carriage owner wants to do, for if the dynamo burns out it's a "pro's" job and not his to tackle.

There are few troubles that can befall the electric-lighting system on any car if the screw-driver already referred to is utilised. As what may happen is that the vibrations of the road loosens some connection, thus breaking the circuit—with concomitant "blacking out" of the particular part, or maybe the whole, if it is a main connection. Therefore it is wise to occasionally see that the lamp-holders are not shedding screws or small nuts, that terminal connections to either the battery, switchboard or fuses are not getting loose, and that the connections are clean. Dirty connections prevent the electric current flowing through those points and, in fact, acting as a kind of not-wanted insulation of the current.



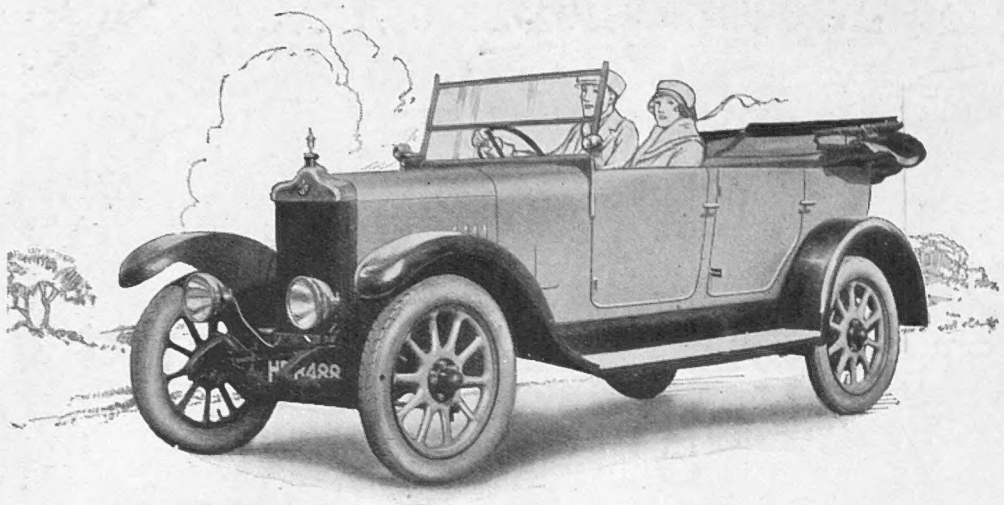
All troubles in the electric-lighting system are either (1) short circuit or leak that has blown a fuse, which has to be replaced and the leak traced if the second fuse blows again at once; (2) loose wiring connections through vibration of the chassis, which only require being tightened to cure the trouble; (3) lamp bulbs to be replaced when the filament of the old lamps are burnt out. In the case of (1), if the fuse stands after being replaced it was only an accidental "short" so there is no real trouble. Otherwise it is an electrical engineer's job to find the leak.

Faults that can only be cured by professional aid are (1) battery not being sufficiently charged; (2) dynamo output requires altering; (3) wiring broken down and re-wiring necessary to eliminate leaks, though sometimes the latter is caused by a faulty lamp-holder. Most motorists can replace a burnt-out fuse, and at any rate a small piece of 5-ampere fuse-wire, of two strands, twisted together, will carry 10 amperes, the largest lighting circuit current required, and so get you home with all lights on.

PRATTS
PERFECTION SPIRIT
Uniform everywhere
Reliable always
ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD.
36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1
ANGLOCO

H. Thornton Rutter.

D.A. 326.



A PEACH!

THAT is a "Standard" owner's very succinct description of his car. There was nothing more to be said as far as he was concerned. It indicated complete satisfaction. It embraced the car's comfort, efficiency, appearance and price. It conveyed his pride in his possession and in its performance.

If you own one you will agree with him. If you don't, then join the brotherhood of "Standard" Owners and share his enthusiasm.

The All British
Standard

Light Cars: 11 h.p. and 14 h.p.

£235 & £375

"Pall Mall" Saloon £525.

Dunlop Tyres

Send for particulars:

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Regd. Trade Mark.

WEMBLEY
Stand No.
125 & 126
Palace of Engineering

"COUNT · THEM · ON · THE · ROAD"

DRYAD CANE CHAIRS

Comfort and pleasantness of design are always happily combined in a Dryad chair together with a strength and lasting quality not found in any other cane furniture.

The label "Dryad Furniture Regd." must be on every piece or it is not genuine.

Catalogue of Chairs, Tables, etc. from THE DRYAD WORKS, Y. Dept. LEICESTER

(Exhib. at R.H.S. & leading Agric. Shows)

Eiffel Tower Lemonade

35 MILLION LEMONS USED ANNUALLY TO MAKE IT

MACKIE'S Charcoal Biscuits

If you are feeling out of sorts take **Mackie's Charcoal Biscuits.** They are Nature's own cure and will put you right.

Sample tin post free for 1/10

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
Purveyors of Rusks and Shortbread to H.M. the King
108a Princes Street, Edinburgh

GRANT'S B.P.

The Whisky that justifies its name — **"BEST PROCURABLE"**

A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art.

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown, and at
82, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:
Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,
153, Regent Street, W.1.

HENRY HEATH LTD
OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

The Smartest and Lightest Hat in the World

"SANS SOUCI"

(Regd.)

29/6

The Hat that Suits Everybody.

"SAN FAERIE ANNE"

(Regd.)

30/-

In 30 of this Season's colours.

A Selection of Hats will be sent on approval.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Henry Heath LTD LONDON

Sans Souci

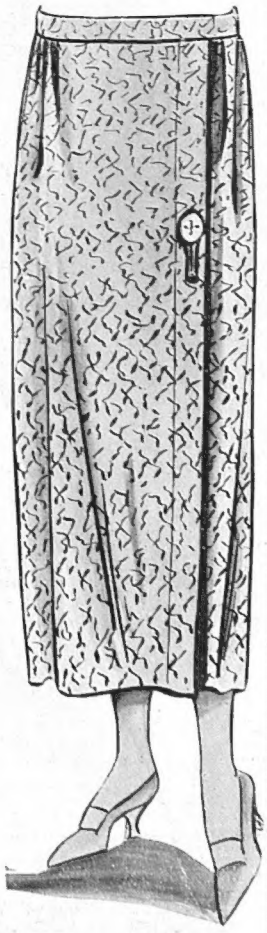
Look inside the Hats for Registered Trade Marks.

San Faeria Anne

105·107·109· OXFORD ST·W·

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Excellently made in a clever reproduction of Homespun, this Gooch-tailored Skirt is typical of the smart and suitable Sports Wear now being shown at prices pleasing to all.



"BINNIE"

A useful Skirt in a reproduction of Homespun. The broad fold at one side gives a wrap effect and is finished with one large button. Narrow band at waist. In saxe/camel, saxe/grey, tan/camel. Price **12/11**

Postage 6d. extra.

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON RD., LONDON, S.W.3.

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. *'Phone: Kens. 5100.*

Set with **7 HOLLOW-GROUND BLADES**, each etched with the day of the week. Adjustable Shaver Frame Automatic Stropper and Setting or Honing Handle. In handsome polished Oak cases as illustrated ... **42/-**

Set as above with **3 HOLLOW-GROUND BLADES.** In polished Oak case **25/-**

Also sets at **15/6** and **8/6**

The blade that always wins

Every morning your razor has to fight its way through a hundred-thousand bristling foes. After the tussle, is it exhausted? The blade of a Wilkinson Safety Shaver scarcely feels the fight. A short rest—a moment's stropping—and it's amply restored to fighting trim.

Now think of those wafer blades that go with ordinary safety razors. Think how they come out of the fight. Exhausted. Irreparably blunted. Unfit for further action. Wafer-blades lack real power—the Wilkinson power that beats your beard every day for years on end. The Wilkinson blade is **hollow-ground** and **hand-forged** from the finest British steel. Only the same careful workmanship that has made Wilkinson straight razors supreme could make so wonderful a blade.

WILKINSON

THE ALL BRITISH SAFETY SHAVER

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Manufactured by

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. Ltd.

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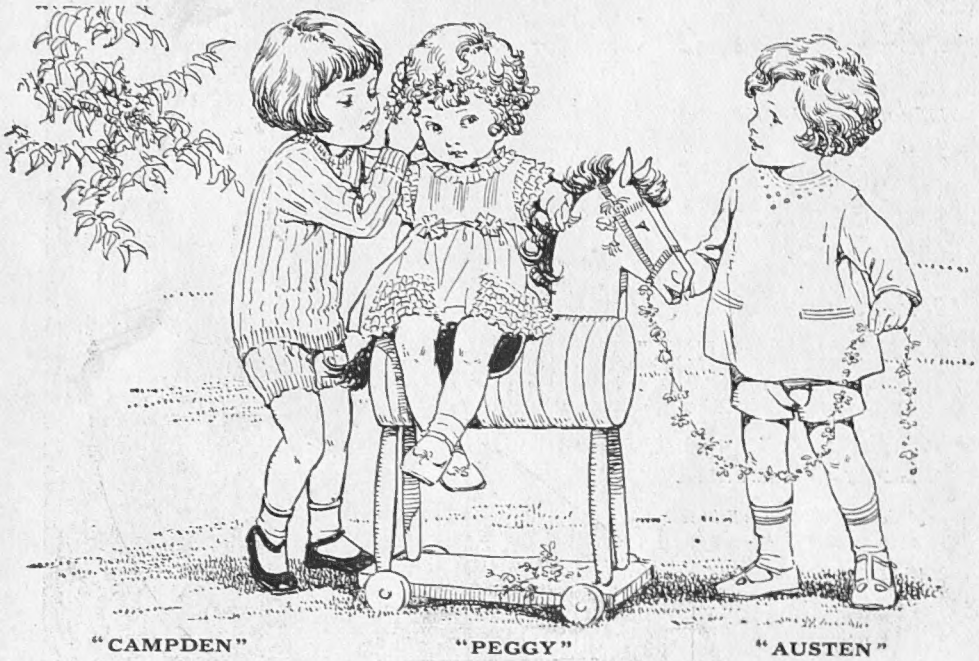
Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers. Razor Mfrs.

T. H. RANDOLPH, *Man. Dir.* *Works:* ACTON, W.4

GOOCHS VOGUE & VALUE



Everything for the Boy and Girl from Nursery through Schooldays.

SOMETHING more than fine materials and workmanship goes into Gooch children's clothing. Years of close specialization account for that complete understanding of the child's needs evidenced in all Gooch outfitting. Nowhere else in Town will you find so wide a choice of distinctive styles so moderately priced.

"CAMPDEN"

Well-made Jersey Suit in rich mercerised cotton. Neck and cuffs tipped with contrasting colours. In saxe/champagne, sky/white, mole/sky, primrose/white, champagne/tan, tan/champagne, ivory/sky. To fit 2 to 6 years. First size **24/6**

Rising 1/6 each size.

Also in several colours in artificial silk and wool. First size **25/6.**

Rising 2/- each size.

"PEGGY"

Dainty little white Organdi frock with pink silk underslip. Narrow muslin frills on skirt, sleeves and neck. Finished at waist with floral rosettes and ribbon. To fit from 2½ to 4 years.

Price for 16 in. **44/-**

Rising 2/- each size.

"AUSTEN"

A dainty model with a simple embroidered design at the neck. Well made in superior quality linen and stocked in saxe, canary, cherry, tan, green, and white. To fit 2½ to 6 years.

First size **33/6**

Rising 1/6 each size.

GOOCHS Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD LONDON, S.W.3.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

LADIES' HIGH-GRADE GLOVES OF RELIABLE MAKE AND QUALITY

Elastic wrist Chamois. *In White or Natural. A heavy make suitable for shopping, country wear or riding.*

PRICE 7/11

6-button length sac wrist washable Mocha. *In White or Natural.*

PRICE 14/6

6-button length sac wrist washable fine French Suède. *In Light Tan, Drabs, Light Grey, or White.*

PRICE 10/6

Also in darker shades not washable.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

TRANSFORMATIONS of BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, GLOSSY, WAVY HAIR.

Impossible to Detect.

Price according to quantity of Hair,

£4 17 6, £3 12 9, £2 10 9.

With absolutely Natural Skin Parting,

£6 6 0.

Toupet with Natural Skin Parting, **£2 10 9.**

Every description of Ornamental Hairwork undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

SWITCHES OF PURE HAIR, SOFT & LUSTROUS

16 in.	5/9	24 in.	22/9
18 in.	8/9	26 in	26/9
20 in.	11/9	28 in.	37/9
22 in	15/9	Any length to order.	

Universal Hair Co.

(Established 1895).

West End Branch:

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For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue post free, from THE MANAGERESS,

80/84 FOXBERRY RD., BROCKLEY,

LONDON, S.E. 4.

EXCLUSIVE & BECOMING
SHOES
OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY
FASHION & STYLE

Smart Patent Shoe for afternoon wear, embroidered strap steel beads; similar shoe in grey, white, beaver, nigger, and black antelope.
Price **65/-**

Afternoon Shoe in grey antelope, patent strapping.
Price **63/-**

Smart Patent Langtry Shoe, Louis XV heel, cut steel slide.
Price **59/6**

Patent 1-Bar Shoe, kid strappings, Louis XV heel; similar shoe in black antelope and black glace (as sketch).
Price **59/6**

Fashionable Low Heel Shoe in white or grey suède; also in tan calf.
Price **42/-**

Stout Crocodile Skin 1-Bar for tramping or golf, stout sole.
Price **50/-**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

THE "AINTREE" COAT

A perfectly balanced, easy-fitting Coat, made with set-in sleeves. Distinctive in appearance and thoroughly waterproof, it is a garment of unapproachable excellence for Town, Country, Travelling and general use.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
is under separate and expert supervision and carried out by workmen who excel in making from self-measurements without personal fittings.

Patterns, illustrations and Form of Measurement post free on application.

Coats sent on approval upon receipt of remittance or London Trade Reference.

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PRACTICAL DESIGNS
FOR
GOLFING, COUNTRY and TRAVELLING WEAR.

EXCLUSIVE BUT INEXPENSIVE

COUNTRY SUITS
IN VAST RANGES—
CHEVIOTS, HOMESPUNS, ETC.
From 8 Guineas.

THE "BADMINTON"

A smart Coat made up double-breasted for Travelling and Sporting wear in a variety of Cheviots, Homespuns, West of Englands, etc.

THE "UNIVERSAL" COAT
Rain but not Airproof,

A very smart and comfortable Coat adapted for all weathers and purposes. Made in our Universal West of England Cloth of pure virgin wool double proofed by the latest and most efficient system.
Price **6 Guineas.**

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ULSTER HOUSE, 37, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

GARDEN FURNITURE

"The RURAL Set"
Ideal for garden, river or seaside, indoors or out. Nut-brown osier blends at once with surroundings. Strong but inexpensive. Can be left out in all weathers. Prompt despatch from stock.

CHAIRS, 33 ins. high, 19 ins. diam. .. each 9/6
TABLE, 26 ins. high, 30 ins. diam. .. each 12/6
Set of 4 chairs and table 47/6
Crimson Casement Cushions, 3/- each.

Cash with order. Free on rail

Address—
Dept. B, RURAL INDUSTRIES, LTD., CHELTENHAM.
(Exhibit 5B, Horticultural Section, Wembley.)

SIR HENRY LUNN, LIMITED
PALATIAL HOTELS. SHORT SEA ROUTE.
TOURS INCLUDE 14 DAYS HOTEL AND RAIL.

£8 8 14 days BELGIAN COAST, with visits to BRUGES, ZEEBRUGGE, NIEUPORT BATTLEFIELDS, large hotel, return ticket.

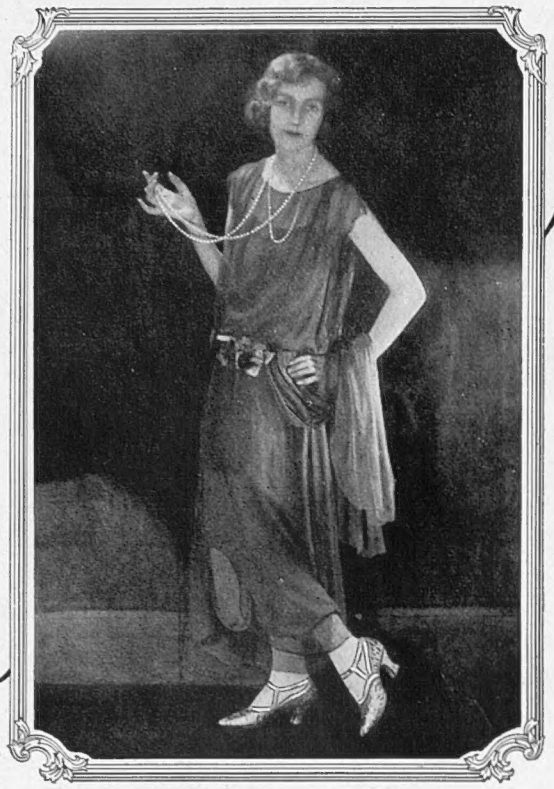
£13 13 GRANDHOTEL, BRUNNEN, Lake of Lucerne. 14 days and journey.

£16 2 PALACE DES ALPES, MURREN, King of the Oberland. 14 days and journey.

£19 10 MALOJA PALACE, ENGADINE. 6,000 feet above the sea. 14 days and journey. Golf, Lawn Tennis, Bathing, Fishing. The Finest hotel in Switzerland.

£15 15 ATHOLL PALACE, PITLOCHRY, 14 days, with return ticket from London.

Booklet on application to The Secretary, 5s, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.1.



THE Shoe Model 9058, shown in the photograph, is an Oriental Brocade Shoe in Silver, Blue and Peacock Green. An exclusive design with Silver Calf Straps. The price is **63/-.**

THERE are many shoes which become popular because they are pretty in themselves, but shoes should not rely on their beauty to make an appeal. To provide a quiet, though dignified setting to a charming frock is all that is required of them.

BUYING shoes with one eye on the frock with which you are to wear them is a very pleasant occupation at Lilley & Skinner's Fashion Shoe Shop — where a collection of the more exclusive models, sufficient in variety to cater for the most exacting taste, is found.

ADVANCE photographs of forty or more exclusive models to be worn this season have been collated and are to be issued immediately. A copy can be had post free on request. Ask for Catalogue B.

Lilley & Skinner Ltd
The Fashion Shoe Shop
358-360, Oxford Street, W.1.
opposite Bond Street Tube
Phone: Mayfair 1904 & 1905

℗ 6B

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Whatever your taste—whether for delicate colours or vivid tones, styles dashing or demure—there is at least one Gooch Summer Frock that you will instantly want for your own.

Write for the post free Wash and Holiday Frocks Folder.

"SHEILA"

Charming Summer Frock of soft striped French taffeta cut on up-to-date lines and made in our own workroom. Prettily piped with contrasting shades. In black / jade, black / eveque. Price **90/6**

Cannot be sent on approval.

GOOCHS Ltd
BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

NOVELTY COATEE AND SCARF SETS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Hosiery Dept., Ground Floor.

An Exclusive Coatee *made of super quality plain lace wool. Finished silk and wool crochet in unique multi colourings In White, Black, Lacquer, Almond, Apple, Champagne, Peach, Nude, Putty, Camel, Grey, Silver, Mauve, or Salmon.*

35/9

Scarf *to match (as sketch)* ***23/9***

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Holidays worth spending are worth saving

There are two ways of spending your holiday. The one, the unsafe way, is to trust to your hazy recollections; another, the safe and easier way, is to use a "Kodak." A "Kodak" preserves for you in picture form the glorious scenes, the fun, the people, the places and all that makes a holiday worth while. Take a "Kodak" with you *this* year.

Happy people, pleasant places: record them with your

"Kodak"

Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you the latest models

Have you seen the "Kodak Magazine"? Price 2d. monthly, 3/- a year post free.

"What is a Kodak"? Don't imagine that every small camera is a "Kodak." The word "Kodak" is the exclusive property and trade mark of the Kodak Company, and cannot lawfully be used to describe products not made or supplied by them. And don't imagine that every film that will fit your "Kodak" is a Kodak Film—every film made by the Kodak Company bears the name on the carton and on the end of the spool. "Kodaks" and Kodak Films are made by the Kodak Company and by nobody else. Look for the name "Kodak" on your Camera and Films.

Kodak Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

The "WOODLAND" DESIGN made in CRETONNE at 3/11 and VELVETEEN at 8/3 per yard, 30 inches wide, makes a most fascinating colour scheme for

LOOSE COVERS & CURTAINS

It is only one of the many patterns now on view at Story's where originality and rich colourings are conspicuous.

STORY'S

Kensington.w.

STORY & Co., LTD., 49/53, Kensington High St., W.

WALPOLES

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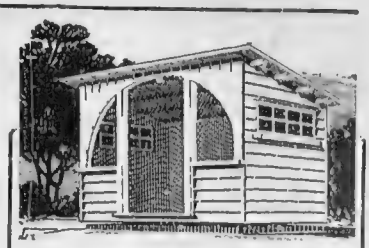

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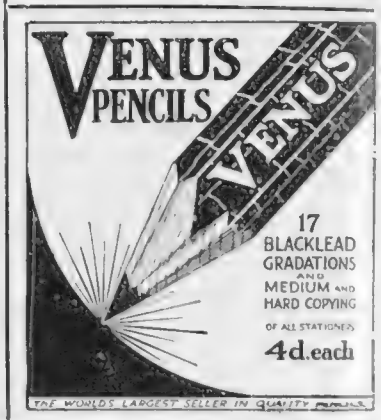

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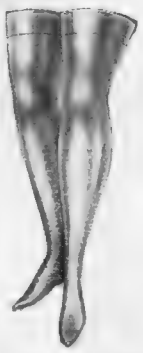

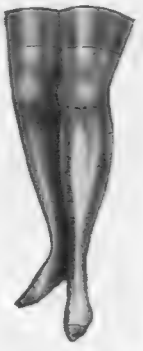

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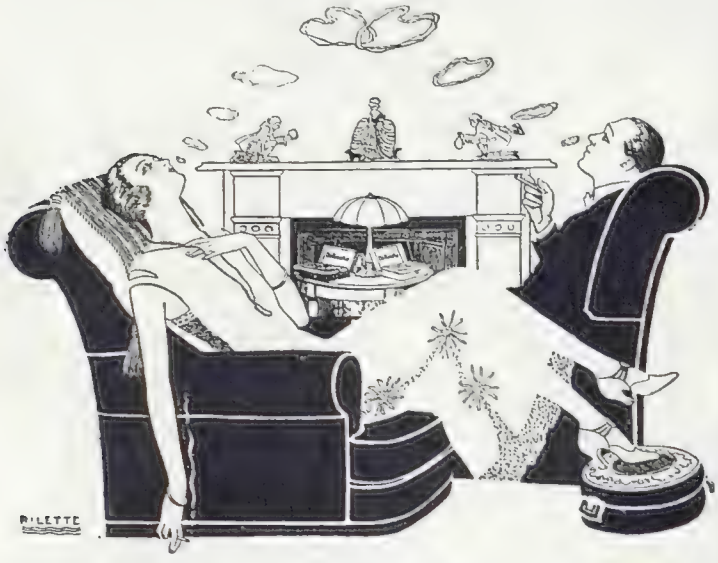

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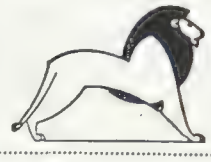

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The Bystander, June 18, 1924

No. 1072. Vol. LXXXII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Compton Collier*

THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE

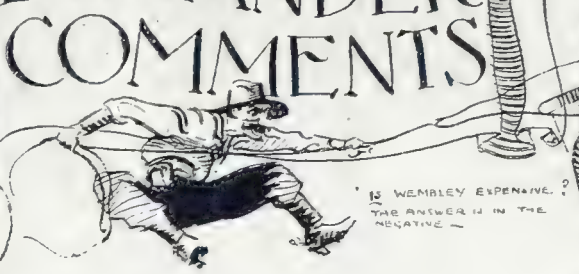
In the grounds of her beautiful home, Alloa House, in Clackmannanshire. She is a sister of the Earl of Shaftesbury

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ARISTOCRATIC ASCOT

An impression of the paddock at Ascot with the brave and the fair who are always to be found here in their hundreds, well to the fore

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



The Cost of Wembley

THOSE strange people who seem bent on depreciating the great Wembley Empire Exhibition have now discovered that it is a terribly expensive place at which to spend a happy day. I have been asked to give a ruling on this point for the benefit of some provincial Bystanders who are shortly descending on London. *Is* Wembley so expensive? The answer is in the negative!

Just like Bond Street

HAVING spent several happy days at Wembley, I am in a position to speak from experience, and I'll tell you just how expensive Wembley is—once you have paid the eighteen-pence charged for admission. It is just as expensive as a walk down Bond Street—no more, no less. You can spend as much as you like or as little as you like; you can look at everything for nothing, but you can take nothing away unless you pay for it. Could anything be fairer?

Greedy Visitors

THE trouble with most visitors to Wembley is that they are greedy—they want to see too much. They go from Canada to Burma and from South Africa to Sierra Leone in one devastating route march. They gorge themselves with sights and sounds until they have mental indigestion, and they can't put one foot in front of the other. Then, when they are thoroughly tired and fretful, they grumble because they are charged tuppence for a chair, forgetting that Canada, Burma, South Africa and Sierra Leone have cost them nothing at all. Wembley is the cheapest and biggest show that has been staged in the history of the World—since the Flood.

Wit and Wisdom

SOME good friend in America has sent me a wise and witty book, *Spoken in Jest*, which is written by an Englishman resident in New York. He hasn't put his name to it, so I suppose I must respect his anonymity, but if I had written it I would have printed my name on the cover in letters as big as the title. Every Englishman visiting New York and every American visiting London should have this little book in his pocket, for it tells you what things are different and why they are different, while through it all runs a golden strand of humour and a silver strand of sound common sense.

An Example

ONE little remark caught my eye, especially:

American railroads advertise: "See America First.

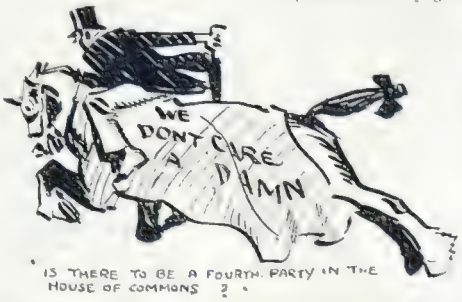
English railways: "A Trip to Paris."

Just that! No lengthy dissertation on the wisdom of keeping your money in your own country, and the folly of encouraging the spending of it abroad. To me, it has always been an extraordinary thing that English railways devote so much of their space to foreign propaganda. We don't want to be insular, but there can be no harm in hanging on to the bit of brass that remains to us after we have paid the world's debts in addition to our own.

A Street Cabaret

THE Cabaret movement is spreading to the streets. Yesterday, in the Old Brompton Road, I saw a young woman from a revue chorus dancing to the strains of a barrel-organ in a skirt that did not reach half-way to her knees. To say that she caused a sensation in that ultra-respectable thoroughfare would do her justice as scant as her clothes. Old ladies stood by with open mouths and bulging eyes, and the solitary policeman didn't know whether to ring the fire alarm or put his head

(Continued on page 856c)



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down a coal hole. Everybody was much too shaken to put a penny in the hat!

The Ball Game

EVERY Sunday, at three o'clock, you may see a game of baseball at Stamford Bridge—the home of the Chelsea Football Club. I mention the fact, because it doesn't seem to be very widely known, and also because Baseball is quite an amusing spectacle when you have got the hang of it. On the occasion of my visit, the American Navy was present in force, and the grand stand might have been mistaken for the Parrot House at the Zoo.

A Jovial Gent

WE are all getting a little tired of the countless restrictions with which we are faced at every turn. As in pre-War Germany, everything is now "*Verboten.*" It is, therefore, rather refreshing to read how Mr. John Bethel, "a gentleman of very jovial appearance", protested, one hundred years ago, against the action of the policeman who ran him in because he was found sitting on the pavement, without his hat, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. On being told that he would be fined five shillings, Mr. Bethel said it appeared strange that "any set of men, having their proper senses about them, could frame a law to fine a gentleman because he chose to get drunk—there was no social principle or feeling in such a law." And so, exit Mr. Bethel—that very jovial gentleman.

The Happy Mean

THE other morning I was admiring the bed of violas opposite the Albert Hall, when a north-country family, up for Wembley, stopped to look at the Memorial:

> That wedding-cake of gilded brick
> That makes the Chelsea artist sick.

Said the youngest daughter, "Why didn't they build something useful?" and, in that moment, I realised the gulf that separates North from South. For a south-country child would have said, "Why didn't they build something beautiful?" The happy mean, I suppose, lies midway between these two criticisms. Beauty and utility should go hand in hand. The statues and memorials that we are building up and down the country are as wasteful as the War that brought them about. They provide neither rest nor recreation. A single almshouse with old-world flowers in the front garden is worth the whole lot of them, and provides a memorial fit for a king.

Nonsense Verse

I DON'T read the highbrow papers as a rule, but now and again I dip into them with surprising results. Only the other afternoon, sitting in the Club, I read that a welcome revival in nonsense verse was toward. The writer spoke of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, and then proceeded to pay a tribute to the author of that excellent song "When it's Night-time in Italy it's Wednesday Over Here." To be quite frank, such breadth of mind in a highbrow journal came as a bit of a shock. Myself, I agreed with every word the writer said, and I hope he will be encouraged to carry his thesis a step forward. He may even encourage Mr. Belloc to produce a third volume of his *Cautionary Tales.*

A Fourth Party

ARE we to have a Fourth Party in the House of Commons—followers of Colonel John Ward, who "don't care a damn for any of you"? When the usual political time-servers were busy splitting the usual political hairs, with one eye on their leaders and the other on their constituencies, the hon. and gallant member once again raised the banner of independence with quite refreshing effect. Colonel Ward is the type of man who can be depended upon to be as blunt and direct as the best of them, for he knows how to use a spade and does not believe that it is as effective by any other name. But are there sufficient Jack Blunts in the House to make up a party? We shall see!

"Pawning To-Morrow"

ONE day a prize will be offered for the best title to a novel and another for the best opening to a novel. For both competitions I would enter *Pawning To-Morrow,* by J.W. Broadhead, on the first page of which I read:

> His face blanched suddenly to the colour of wood ashes, his eyes haggard, Cyril Draycott faced his godfather in silence. For almost the first time in his life he was experiencing the full horror of fear.

I like the title, *Pawning To-Morrow* (taken from the old Norse proverb, "Pawning to-morrow to enjoy to-day") and I am tremendously intrigued by the opening words of the story. The name J. W. Broadhead is new to me, but he, or she, knows his, or her, job.

By Bielkin

"LOSSIE LOON"-ACY

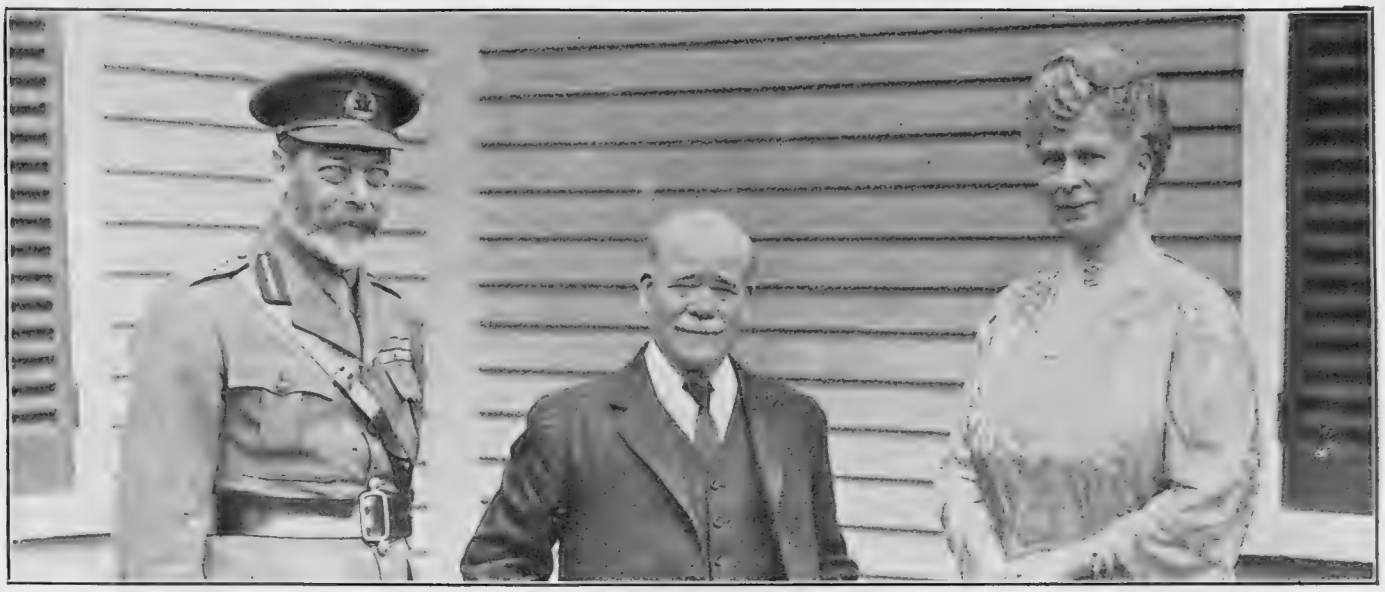
The Monastic Life

THE difficulties of Clubland, whether financial or otherwise, have prompted certain Jeremiahs to raise their voices in lamentation, and to assert that all Clubs are doomed. They don't tell us why this should be, and, if they did, we shouldn't believe them. Clubs have become expensive luxuries which many of us can ill afford, but, deep down in the hearts of most men, there is a lurking love of the monastic life which becomes more insistent with the passing years. The Club is the safety-valve of the home, for there a man may grouse to his heart's content. No one takes him seriously, his discontented rumblings never reach the kitchen, and so no great harm is done. Remove the Club, and you would remove half the cooks in half the homes of England. Possibly you would remove half the wives at the same time, but as this is a matter of pure speculation, we won't pursue it.

Leaving the Oratory

Photograph G. P. U.

Captain J. A. Herbert leaving the Oratory, Brompton, with his bride, Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, who is the elder daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. The aisle was lined throughout the ceremony by troopers of the Royal Horse Guards, Captain Herbert's regiment, who also formed a guard of honour as the bride and bridegroom left the church



AT ALDERSHOT

Their Majesties the King and Queen photographed at the Royal Pavilion during the recent army manœuvres held on and about Laffan's Plain at Aldershot. Mr. Stephen Walsh, the Secretary of State for War, is seen in the centre

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Whitsuntide

THE King and Queen always enjoy the Whitsuntide interlude at the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot. It comes as a pleasant break between the many labours of the first and second parts of the season, and, likewise, gives the King the opportunity of an annual inspection and review of the Aldershot troops.

On the first day the weather was kind, so Mr. Stephen Walsh, the Secretary of State for War, who paid his first visit to the Royal Pavilion, had a pleasanter experience than some of his predecessors. In bright sunshine, with its wide-stretching views, and the air redolent with the scent of the pine trees, the Royal Pavilion is a delightful place. But on a wet day, with the views all blurred and misty, and the pines drip dripping, the outlook is most depressing—quite enough to make a Socialist War Minister vote for the total abolition of the Army.

The Prince of Wales came back from Le Touquet for the great Review on Whit-Tuesday, and in the afternoon he and Prince Henry played in a polo match at which the King and Queen were amongst the spectators.

Remembering the King's accident in France during the War, everybody was rejoiced when His Majesty, after the Review was over, finding that his horse, in spite of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's most courtier-like attempt to soothe its nervousness, would not face the crowd, rode back along the front of the enclosures instead of through the narrow space at the back where the people were close upon the confined area along which the King had intended to ride.

But who was responsible, I wonder, for the King being mounted on a charger unaccustomed to the fanfare and panoply of a review and reduced to a state of equine gibber by the cheering of a crowd?

The King and Queen went down to Windsor on Saturday in preparation for Ascot, for which, as usual, there is a large party at the Castle.

The Prince and Le Touquet

KING EDWARD brought fortune to three watering-places on the Continent — Homburg, Marienbad and Biarritz. For many years he went to Homburg regularly after the London season, going on to Denmark after his cure there to join Queen Alexandra at the family gathering which her mother, Queen Louise of Denmark, arranged with profoundly clever diplomatic skill every autumn.

An emperor, kings, queens, heirs-apparent to thrones, princes and princesses all met on a family footing. The balance of power in Europe was more than once decided whilst the kettle boiled for one of these august family picnics in the woods.

Once, a great Russian writer, living in a horrible exile in Siberia, because he had expressed opinions which you

Photographs *Central News*

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF ARMY LIFE

The Queen chatting to some of the players in the recent polo match between the Welsh Guards and the 10th Hussars at Aldershot. The Prince of Wales (seen on the Queen's right) played for the Welsh Guards

and I and the newspapers express every day, was "pardoned" because of an adroit remark made to Russian Imperial Majesty whilst it was making caviare sandwiches with its own Imperial hands at one of Queen Louise's family picnics.

When the ex-Kaiser began to frequent Homburg at the time of his uncle's visits, King Edward found Marienbad—then in Austria, now in Czecho-Slovakia—a more congenial cure. His annual visits "created" Marienbad, and we know the *cachet* he gave to Biarritz, whither he went to avoid the crowds and the numerous other visiting royalties on the Riviera.

History is repeating itself. The Prince of Wales is now doing for Le Touquet what his grandfather did for Homburg, Marienbad, and Biarritz—making it a popular resort for the fashionable and the leisured. He spent Easter there, and also Whitsuntide.

Le Touquet has this advantage for the Prince. When he plays golf, which he does most of the day, he is not mobbed, an experience with which he is unfortunately too familiar on some English golf courses.

Not Fashion, Only History

A FRIEND newly-returned from Paris tells me that a determined effort will be made by those mysterious folk who create and dictate fashions feminine to introduce "ringlets," those little bunches of curls on either side of the head which one sees in portraits of the time of William IV, and a few years later.

If they succeed it will be an interesting repetition of history. There must be something in female nature which leads woman to cut her hair short after great social upheavals. The bobbed and shingled hair of to-day is an exact replica of the *coiffure* known as the "Titus," which came into vogue in Paris after the French Revolution, and was imitated in England by all the great dames and lesser folk of the Regency.

Photograph *Topical*

CONSTANCE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

Who carried off the first prize in one of the Novice Classes at the Royal Counties Agricultural Society's Show at Windsor

The ringlets in women's portraits of the William IV and very early Victorian periods were a reaction against early nineteenth century shingling, so if we are to have them again, it will be, as I have said, only a repetition of an old fashion, not the creation of a new one. And, as far as a mere male can judge, some of the hats one sees in the shop-windows are beginning to have a close resemblance to the hats which were worn when what the novelists of the time used to call "roguish curls" dangled on either side of the female head.

Closely-fitting and short dresses came into fashion immediately after the French Revolution. The same thing happened after the War. In fact, if you look at a fashion book of the early nineteenth century you will see that woman's dresses and *coiffure* have a strong likeness to the fashions of to-day. So perhaps we shall see ringlets very shortly. If we do, it will only be one more proof of a fact which dressmakers never will admit—that women's fashions are not created: they are only a repetition of history.

The Conscientious Butler

THIS comes to me from America. A distinguished personage over there possessed a remarkably fine cellar. It had been laid down with great care and judgment in pre-Prohibition days, and when America "went dry" it became a priceless possession.

Photograph *Topical*

MISS ROSAMONDE BARRY

With "Delight," another competitor in the Novice Class at the Royal Counties Show

Its owner kept the key and allowed no one to enter the cellar except himself and a faithful old butler who had been in his service for many years. One day he had to go away on business. Leaving the key of the cellar with the butler, he said:

"Now, remember, you don't give this key to anybody, and you don't let anybody go into the cellar except over your dead body!"

A few days later the house began to fill with smoke. It was traced to the cellar, whereupon the fire brigade was telephoned

Photograph *G. P. U.*

A WEDDING ON THE RHINE

Colonel Rupert Ryan, D.S.O., British Deputy High Commissioner, and his bride, the Hon. Rosemary Hay, daughter of Lord Kilmarnock, our High Commissioner, leaving the Palace Chapel at Coblenz, after their wedding

Photographs *Topical*

PUTTING THE SUN IN WHITSUNTIDE

Three of the many visitors at Le Touquet for the Whitsun holidays, who, like the "Earl of Chester," went in search of the sun that is so chary of visiting our own land. Mrs A. Crawford (left) Mrs. Kenneth Milln, and Mrs. John Crocker

for. But the butler stoutly refused to unlock the cellar door or give up the key, even though ordered to do so by his mistress.

"The master said I was not to let anybody into the cellar except over my dead body, and I'm going to do what he told me." Then, as the smoke poured from under the door in increasing volume, he added:

"I'll tell what I will do. I'll open the door a little way and you can slip in the nozzle of the hose-pipe."

This was done, the fire promptly quenched, and the door locked again. But when the owner returned he found his cellar flooded with water, and the labels washed off every bottle! Dozens of bottles were wasted by being opened to find out what wine they held.

The Fate of Great Houses

ASHRIDGE PARK, the famous Brownlow property, near Berkhamsted, is now added to the long list of big country places to be sold. Originally it belonged to the Dukes of Bridgewater, the last of whom made a big fortune for his relations by building canals. To many people Ashridge recalls memories of one of the most delightful of hostages and *grandes dames*, the late Countess Brownlow. She was a Talbot and possessed all the charm and grace for which the women of that house were famous in the nineteenth century.

When the late Earl Brownlow died two years ago, the Earldom become extinct, but the barony of Brownlow descended to the great-grandson of the first baron, who died as long ago as 1807.

There is a curious coincidence between the sale of Ashridge and Mrs. Christopher Turnor's gift of Kiplin Hall, in Yorkshire, to the dioceses of Ripon and York as a rest-house for clergy. Both Mrs. Turnor and the Brownlows are descended from the Earls of Tyrconnel, another extinct earldom.

Ashridge is a big place and expensive to maintain, so one wonders what will be its fate—probably a school, like so many of its fellow great houses which have come to the hammer in recent years. The time must inevitably come—unless taxation is lessened—when the maintenance of such palaces as Knole, Audley End, Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and Wentworth Woodhouse will be beyond the powers of their owners. What will happen to them? The cost of upkeep of the fabric in each case alone means a big annual sum, so big, indeed, that it would swamp the profits of any private institution such as a school.

Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's great house near Rotherham, is so huge that guests staying there frequently lose themselves in the labyrinth of passages. A friend of mine staying there once got hopelessly lost on her way down to dinner the first evening. After wandering about and getting more and more muddled she finally went into an empty bedroom and rang the bell. After a long interval a servant appeared, who piloted her down to the drawing-room, where she found the company had been waiting for her for a solid quarter of an hour!

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

MR. FILMER SANKEY

Of the 1st Life Guards, a well-known polo player and cross-country rider, who is engaged to Lady Ursula Grosvenor

Photograph *Central News*

LADY URSULA GROSVENOR

The Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, whose engagement to Mr. Filmer Sankey was recently announced

A Kindly Hint

MAY I give this little hint to those kind ladies who give dinner-parties before charity-dances and balls? I make it because so many young men, I find, are puzzled by the invitations. They don't always know whether the invitation to dinner includes the ticket for the dance

or ball, and this leads sometimes to muddle, and, perhaps, mortification for the young man, who, thinking the dinner-invitation includes the dance, arrives at the latter without a ticket.

There could be no misunderstanding if a hostess would say definitely in her invitation to dinner whether the dance is included or not, in some such way as this : "I am making up a party for the ———Ball, and should be delighted if you would dine with me at—— —— and go on to the ball as my guest." If the lady means dinner only, the simplest indication that the guest is expected to pay for his ball-ticket is to tell him the price of the ticket and where it can be bought.

I know two instances lately in which young men were misled by the dinner invitation, and arrived at the ball, in one case to find every ticket sold, and in the other no tickets allowed to be sold at the door. Awkward for everybody all round.

Photograph DOWN RICHMOND WAY *Central Press*

Lady Rosslyn and her daughter, Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, photographed at the Richmond Horse Show during one of the sadly few fine interludes

Another Hint

And whilst on the matter of hints, let me recommend young men who are paying week-end visits to put a tail-coat, white waistcoat and white tie in their suit-cases. In most houses the dinner jacket and black tie are the *mode*, but some older-fashioned folk are taking to the tail-coat and white waistcoat again, especially if they have a large party.

Also, I notice a custom is creeping into country houses of having local folks to dinner on the Saturday evening. This invariably means the tail-coat. So it is well to be prepared for emergencies. There is nothing more annoying than to be the only black-tied short-coated man in the room. And the younger you are the more acutely you feel it.

Dancing at the Carlton

Personally, I am not enamoured of exhibition dancing, but now I have to admit my conversion. It took place at the Carlton last Wednesday, and was brought about by Cléo and Willy, who made their first appearance in London that evening during supper.

I haven't sufficient technical knowledge to tell you what they danced, but it was all exquisitely graceful, especially their waltzing, and as proof of my conversion, and admiration, I'm going to sup at the Carlton again at the first opportunity. I expect there will be a good many other people who will do likewise when once they have seen the perfect dancing of this young couple. I recommend you all to go. Cléo and Willy made a great success at the Grand Cercle Muscovite, in Paris.

A Thrill for New York

New York must have been thrilled to the marrow last week. A Royal wedding took place in its Republican midst, Prince Viggo of Denmark, the King of Denmark's cousin and Queen Alexandra's nephew, marrying Miss Eleanor Margaret Green. And the bride was taken to the church in an old family coach with coats of arms on the door panels! So this is America!

Photograph *Central Press*

A JUVENILE EVENT

Mrs. Wilson with her daughter Miss V. Wilson up on Strawberry King which was recommended in the event for ponies ridden by children not over 13 years of age

Photograph *Parbery*

ROYALTY ARRIVES

The Duke and Duchess of York being welcomed by the Marquis of Cambridge, the President, on their arrival at Old Deer Park for the opening of the Richmond Horse Show. The Duchess was conducted to the Royal Box, the Duke going to the show ring to watch the judging of the open class for four-in-hands

The London of Late Yesterday

Quite recently I met a man, who had not been in London for thirty-one years! All that time he had spent in the East. He told me he felt exactly like Macaulay's famous New Zealander sitting amongst the ruins of London. It's quite impossible for us to imagine the London he left four years before Queen Victoria's

BATHING IN THE L.C. SEA

People deplored the rain in London, as elsewhere, last week. But why be miserable about it? Why grumble? This is a "Bystander" brain-wave to add to the waves of the L.C.C. for brightening a wet June on the Thames Embankment. No prizes are offered for finding the exact spot on the Embankment where this group was taken

second Jubilee—no Tubes, no motors, no cinemas, half the number of theatres.

The illustrated newspapers had, of course, prepared him for the enormous change in the appearance of the streets, and motors gave him no surprise, as he possesses several of his own *là-bas*. But one thing above all others he told me struck him as the biggest change. This was the different character of the music-halls in the West End of London. When he went away, the Empire, the Alhambra, the Tivoli, the Pavilion were the haunt of the *jeunesse dorée*.

London he finds infinitely noisier than it used to be. Wherever he goes he is amazed by the crowds of people in the streets. He is staying with friends in Kensington. One morning, shortly after his arrival, he went into the High Street on a shopping expedition. Returning, he asked his friends if there was some Royal function on, as the pavements were so crowded with people he could scarcely get along. "There's nothing on," he was told, "the High Street is like that every day."

Our dinners, he finds, are much shorter than they were thirty years ago, and democracy is catered for by resplendent hotels and restaurants which were unheard of in the early nineties of the last century. Two other points struck him—the excellence of the cooking at restaurants of all grades and the general smartness in appearance of men of all classes.

"When I went away," he said, "you could tell a suit made by a West End tailor at a glance. The cut was unmistakable. Now, the clothes of practically every man you see in the street seem to have been made in the West End—they all have the same clean-cut smartness."

I've heard other men who have been away from London for some years say the same thing. His final word was that

Photographs LADY MARY WARD THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

Some of the "Lords" in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association's annual fixture between Lords and Commons, held last week at Walton Heath. The result was a victory for the Commons by 11 matches to 3, with one match halved

London had grown too big, that there were far too many people in it, and that the old social intimacy was being offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of numbers. But we have heard that for the last twenty years. Still, I think there is truth in his saying that where thirty years ago there used to be fifties at functions, balls and parties, there are now hundreds. The list of Court invitations proves that.

The Empire Pageant

I ONLY hope that Mr. Frank Lascelles, the Chief Pageant Master of the Pageant of Empire, which is to be the chief event at Wembley next month, has made copious notes of all the historical representations for which he has been responsible during his long experience as a director of pomp and pageantry. It should stand him in good stead for the gigantic undertaking with its twelve thousand performers which he has now in hand. Among the items of the programme, I notice that the representation of South African history includes the landing of the 1820 settlers. This, if I remember rightly, was one of the chief items in the pageant that Mr. Lascelles organised at Cape Town to celebrate the Union of South Africa in 1910. The "landing" was effected in Table Bay, and the actual pageant took place on the sea front below the Grand Parade. Whatever difficulties Mr. Lascelles has to contend with at Wembley he will be spared the violent "South-Easter"—that trying feature of a Cape summer—which, I remember, played havoc with the voluminous skirts of the dames, and sent the beaver top-hats of their squires rolling in all directions along the sea front.

The Popularity of Hurlingham

THIS year Hurlingham Club has again added a programme of informal dinner dances to their other delights of polo, lawn tennis, and croquet. The ball-room, with its wide-open doors, is probably the coolest in town, and if ever summer decides to visit us, I can see quite a number of people flocking down to the pretty light-blue clubhouse, to wander out on the lantern-lit lawns between the dances. The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York are among recent patrons of these delightfully informal evenings.

Watching the Wheels

I NOTE that the enterprising management of the Coliseum are arranging for a series of peeps behind the scenes for their provincial and Colonial patrons. Until next Saturday, the 21st, people are conducted daily at 11.15 a.m. round the stage merely on the production of counterfoils of a previous performance. The fascination of "watching the wheels go round" is one that remains long after childhood's days are over. And there are some big "wheels" to watch behind the Coliseum drop curtain, I can assure you.

THE HOW AND THE WEAR AT CHANTILLY

What Paris wears to-day, the rest of the world wears to-morrow or the day after, or the day after that. So with Ascot upon us, we make no apology for publishing these four examples of *La Mode de 1924*, as seen at the Prix de Diane, the French equivalent of the Oaks

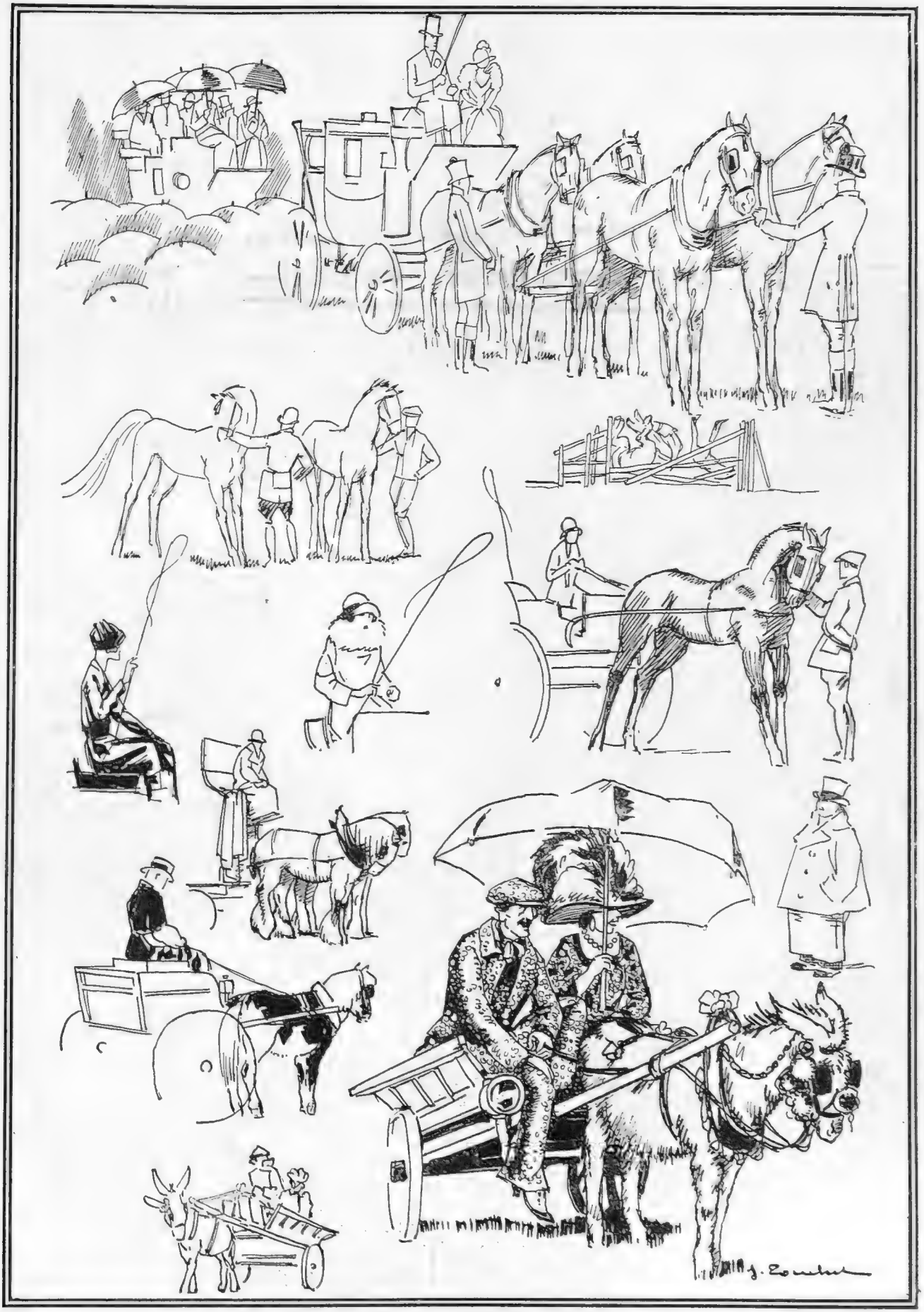
Photographs *Branger*

NEXT WEEK!

"THE BYSTANDER" LAWN TENNIS NUMBER

Special articles, photographs and illustrations in colour

Among the Gees



BY J. TOUCHET

A FRENCH ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW

Trying to See Wembley

BY AN OVERSEAS BRITON

As a Briton living overseas, of course I wanted to see the great Wembley Exhibition. I decided to start for the Old Country in good time, avoiding the mistake made by my grandfather who started from Australia in a sailing-ship to see the Exhibition of 1851 and took so many months over the voyage that when he got to Hyde Park he found it had been closed three weeks earlier.

My troubles are due to the fact that, although I had started with a reasonable financial allowance for the visit, I arrived in London practically penniless. This was not the result of a supreme belief in my ability to beat affable fellow-passengers at poker, or anything of that sort. It is a painful subject, and I will avoid details, merely offering the warning to all who travel by sea, that in moments of acute illness while on deck it is not advisable to carry all one's available cash in a pocket-book in an inside breast-pocket. . . .

On reaching Victoria I put my baggage in the cloak-room and sent a cable home for more money. This did not leave me enough cash for a night in an hotel, and the problem of temporary accommodation began to look interesting.

I thought of spending the night in a waiting room at the station, but they were all full. It occurred to me that I should be very quiet and comfortable if I could conceal myself in an empty train for the night. With luck, in fact, I might even find a *wagon-lit*, which would be real luxury. It took a good deal of doing, and the best I could manage was a third non-smoker, but at last I found myself alone in a train on a siding just outside the station, and as there was no engine I ran no risk of an expensive and inconvenient journey into the provinces. Moreover, I discovered under the seat an unused banana and three second-hand evening papers. I felt very pleased with myself. I think I slept for quite half an hour. . . .

I can imagine nothing more undignified than being hauled out of bed on to a strange railway siding by a cleaner with a mop and bucket, and an unlimited supply of sarcasm about travellers oversleeping themselves. I was quite thankful to get into the street.

The only alternative seemed to be a night on the Embankment, which I had always heard was a recognized open-air dormitory for the indigentry, if I may add the word to an already over-crowded dictionary. I have now tried the Embankment, and I don't think much of it.

It was an average English summer night, but not raining very heavily. I lay for about ten minutes on the first unoccupied bench I could find, before I was moved on (or should it be off?) by a large policeman. It was only after considerable massage that I could move at all. When I next read in my daily paper that Mr. Justice So-and-So was unable to take his seat on the bench, I shall quite understand and sympathise, but his bench could not possibly be harder than mine was.

I walked about for some time considering my awkward position. I had been abroad so long that there was nobody to whom I could apply for temporary help, especially at that hour of the night. The bank was, of course, closed. I had never been in so unpleasant a fix before, and I hated it. This bore no resemblance to the Amusement Park of which I had been dreaming for weeks past. It seemed to me that a night in a well-organised and respectable police-station would be preferable to these chilly and inhospitable streets. A mild collision with the Law was all that was necessary, and doubtless as a first offender I should be released with a caution next morning after a free breakfast, while the absence of any sensational or unsavoury details would be a guarantee against any publicity.

A policeman was approaching, and summing up my courage I tried to knock his helmet off with my walking-stick. It didn't come off. Nothing seemed to come off that night. He gently re-adjusted his chin-strap, and then took me by the arm in a fatherly sort of way and told me I ought to be ashamed of myself for carrying on like that. He said I had evidently had one too many—which was exasperating, as I felt I had had one too few—and added I ought to be in bed. I could have told him that myself.

As he walked away I realised that more desperate measures were needed. If I broke a jeweller's shop-window I should certainly be locked up for the night, though it was important that nothing should be stolen or I should not be let off next day—and I wanted to see my bank, to say nothing of Wembley. I walked northwards to Regent Street, for I wished to be near to a good police-station.

There was—somewhat to my surprise—a shop in that famous thoroughfare which was not at the moment being demolished or rebuilt, and I waited in front of it until a policeman came along. At the right moment I raised my stick to smash the glass, but slipped and fell. I smashed it all right, and my stick as well.

As the officer helped me to my feet he pointed to the piece of orange-peel which had let me down so badly. "Bad luck, that was, sir," he remarked, sympathetically, "and you've broke a nice malacca, too. If I had my way I'd lock up everyone as threw orange-peel in the streets, or banana skins. Always causing accidents, they are. Bad job about the window, but luckily I see you fall, and anyway they're well insured, so it'll be all right. Well, good-night, sir, glad you didn't hurt yourself. . . ."

A free bed for the night seemed further off than ever, while my chances of seeing Wembley looked as remote as Mars. I sat down on a door-step in a quiet corner wondering if life was worth living. The answer appeared to be in the negative, and when a moment later I found a coil of rope at my side evidently left by a builder's man I shuddered at the obvious way out of my troubles. Perhaps it was best after all, and cold, fed-up and desperate, I slung the rope over my arm and looked around for somewhere to fix it.

I was disturbed by a midnight reveller in evening dress who was rolling cheerily homeward singing a wonderful mixture of jazz and hiccups which suggested an equally wonderful mixture of liquid refreshments. Catching sight of me and my coil of rope he stopped. "Hallo, ol' sport!" said he, "I know who (hic) who you are—you're a cowboy. Don't tell me you're not. You got a lasso all ri'—got a lasso and (hic) lost your lass. Ha—thasha good one. Rodeo without his Juliet! Ought to be back in Wembley this time o' night. Never mind, come along to my place, just round corner. Good sports, cowboys. You stay with me to-night and I'll run you out to Wembley t'morrow in the lil' ol' Boils-Rice." . . .

That was last night. Now, after a fine sleep and a bath in a comfortable bachelor flat, I'm waiting for my convivial host to wake up and have breakfast—if he wants any. Perhaps I shall see Wembley after all. D. W. T.

The R.A.F. Pageant

The fifth R.A.F. Aerial Pageant is to be held on Saturday week, June 28, at the Hendon aerodrome, as was the case last year. A notable feature of the programme will be a display by one of the French fighting squadrons that has recently been stationed at Strasbourg. The most spectacular event will be the destruction by aerial torpedoes of an armed merchant cruiser which is attacking a British tramp steamer. Tickets, price 5s. and 10s., are purchasable at all the booking agencies, and the proceeds are to be devoted to Service charities.

Supper Men-About-Town

A quintette of well-known figures in those night clubs which are devoted equally to supper, dancing and respectability

Motley Musings

A DISCONSOLATE party of race-goers returning from Epsom last week were greeted by a blatant cornet-player with, "All in the Downs!"

. . . . .

"THIS," murmured the inveterate backer of outsiders, "is not a Derby; it's the 'Oax."

. . . . .

EXPLAINING his system to win money at Ascot, the punter remarked to his pal: "It's no use picking 'em out with a pin; what you want is a fork—then you get 1—2—3."

. . . . .

EALING Cricket Club is organising a fête next week. The committee state that nothing like it can be seen at Wembley.

. . .

MR. BERNARD SHAW begins a letter, "I flatter myself——" This iteration is becoming wearisome.

. . .

A GENTLEMAN named Gardener has been summoned for deserting his wife. We presume that his instinct for bedding-out has become chronic.

. . .

TRADESMEN in Buxton are said to be dissatisfied with the way in which their town is advertised. They certainly seem to remember they are in the Pique District.

. . .

SCOTLAND YARD is experiencing difficulty in dealing with lost umbrellas. Many London club members are sympathising with them.

CONSOLATION

Ev'rything is o'er between us;
She I termed my pocket Venus,
Has created the inevitable breach;
Yet though deadly is our quarrel,
There remains the obvious moral,
She is not the only pebble on the beach!

I admit my heart is shattered,
My affections sadly battered,
That I've got a dreadful wobbling at the knees;
Yet am I downhearted? Ha, no,
Though I own I feel piano,
She is not the only kitten on the keys!

O my beautiful, my blue-eyed!
Only fancy 'twas for you I'd
Overdrawn my scanty balance at the bank!
O to think our troth we plighted,
And that now we're disunited!
Still, you're not the only taxi on the rank!

It is bitter when the gal you'd
So inordinately valued
Snaps inhumanly Dan Cupid's precious link;
But though she and I can't dovetail
In a matrimonial love tale,
She is not the only soapsud in the sink!

"RODEO MAC" By ALFRED LEETE

THE competitors in the Rodeo at Wembley profess themselves delighted with our climate. Nevertheless, we prophesy that ere long several of them will be down with bronchotis.

. . . . .

"I CAUGHT pneumonia through sitting on a damp stone in a churchyard," he explained to his friend.

"I don't wonder," remarked the latter, "you must have been jolly near *dead*."

. . . . .

JUDGE CLUER declares that, as witnesses, solicitors' clerks are almost as bad as barristers:

Few statements are commonly truer
Than those which we hear from Judge Cluer;
But those caustic remarks
RE *solicitors' clerks*
Being worse than our barristers—Oo-er!

. . . . .

THE officials responsible for closing Waterloo Bridge are evidently in favour of discarding from weakness.

. . . . .

"SHOULD business men over forty play cricket?" asks a contemporary. But surely that is the solace of their "early-closing" days.

. . . . .

Miss Milly went riding with Willy on
The back of an insecure pillion;
The machine hit a gate,
And I sigh to relate,
Milly's now in the vale of Avilion!

. . .

A WEEKLY journal defines the attitude of Sir James Craig towards Mr. Cosgrave as "not cricket." But the former can define what "a boundary" ought to be.

. . .

A COLOURED seaman, cited as a co-respondent, has been fined for house-profiteering. As Shakespeare said:

"See what a rent the envious Lascar made."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Literary: We are unable to trace the quotation, "When lovely woman stops at Filey."

Fourth Form: Yes. Henry VIII was a professional widower.

Scholar: Nonsense. *Hors d'œuvre* does not mean "out of work."

HARTLEY CARRICK

A Bolt from the Blue and Green

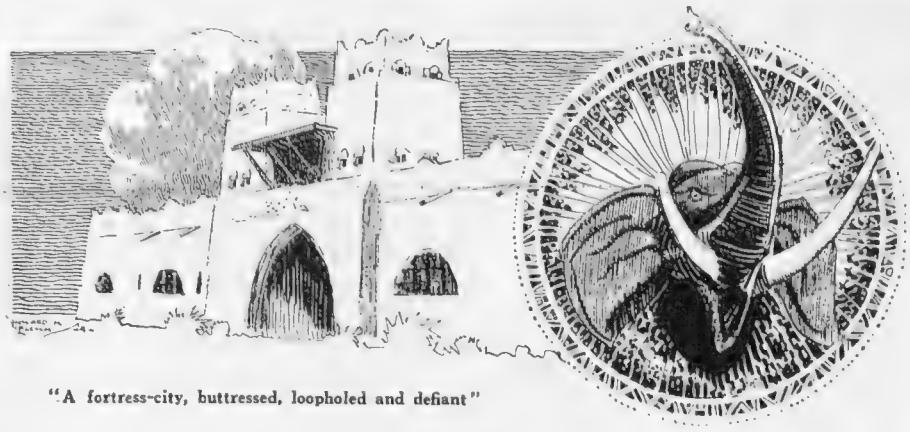
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sort of stymie that sometimes happens when thunderbolts are flying about

INKLINGS OF EMPIRE

"Sunny Fountains"

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK.



"A fortress-city, buttressed, loopholed and defiant"

BEFORE us is a fortress-city, buttressed, loopholed and defiant, its red walls standing out strongly against the prevailing white of the other pavilions. What treasures of gold and ivory are guarded here? What dark secrets of Africa—ever mysterious—lie hidden behind those squat, sun-baked ramparts? Will a poisoned assegai come hurtling out through that grim loophole, transfixing the artist-man to a neighbouring palm-tree, sketch-book and all? I think not. At least, I hope not, for we have a long afternoon's work before us, and an

"A bare-footed weaver plying his shuttle"

annoying little accident of that kind would handicap us right from the start.

We pass beyond the walls, which are reminiscent of the old days before the Union Jack gave protection and safety, and the brutal slaver came down like a wolf on the fold. We are good citizens and no slavers, and the big doors open readily to us. A wide, open courtyard, a cinema—shades of Livingstone and Stanley!—and the Gold Coast pavilion, built in the manner of an old settler's castle, with great timber doors, elaborately carved.

The Gold Coast—a glittering name! Seeing that something like half the world's cocoa supply comes from there, a less romantic (if more alliterative) method of nomenclature might have dubbed it the Cocoa Coast, but we are spared that laceration to the feelings of Mr. Chesterton. The building radiates from a central court like the beams of a star, and, escorted by smartly fez-ed and khaki-ed African police, we make a hasty tour of inspection through a maze of bewildering activities. We see an ebony-skinned gentleman in a trilby hat and a kaleidoscopic sweater, hunting for diamonds in the gravel from a rocky watercourse; a barefooted weaver, skilfully plying his shuttle in making of strips of silk, gorgeously patterned; lines of little workshops where the wood-carvers, potters and silversmiths sit, intently cutting, pounding and hammering.

A land of contrasts. On the one hand, barbaric weapons of war—death-dealing arrows, wicked-looking spears and what Mr. Yogo Hama might describe as hon. executioner-gent's dam great knives of incredible ferociousnesses. On the other hand, the weapons of peace—axes for timber-felling, shovels for digging, ploughs, pruning-hooks and sickles. And while the artist-man was sketching a fiercely armed fighter, mounted on a prancing, gaily caparisoned steed, I found, a few yards away, a pile of neatly filled schoolbooks. There is something to be said for a *régime* that finds a country full of spears and fills it with spelling-books!

Nigeria—a richly-red sun-dried building with a muezzin tower, typifying a rolling expanse of country that stretches from the dense tropical forests at the great river's mouth to the edge of the dusty desert, from the home of the negro to the haunt of the Arab. Little Sierra Leone, once known as the White Man's Grave, now as bracing as Skegness. Or nearly so. Wonderful West Africa!

Come with me to the Coast of Gold,
Myriad wonders to behold;
Frowning fortress with sun-baked walls,
Tropical tree where the wild bird calls;
Warrior chief with flashing spear,
Forest lion and jungle deer;
Busy weaver with silken thread,
Jewels culled from a streamlet-bed.
A golden clime that banishes cold—
Come with me to the Coast of Gold.

"A fiercely armed fighter"

And now for a terrific journey. We must travel right across a continent. It takes us—shades of Livingstone and Stanley once more!—about three minutes to arrive before the East Africa pavilion, cool, inviting and dazzling white—an Arab building with massive doors, carved and studded. An enormous, but friendly, elephant greets us in the doorway. Heads of all the wild beasts that ever crashed through the jungle gaze down on us. That, on the whole, is how I prefer to see wild beasts.

"I wonder what that lion's stuffed with?" asks the artist-man.

"So long as he's not stuffed with me," I reply, "it doesn't much matter. I don't mind in the least."

Gazing upon a case of exquisitely carved ivory, we wonder which way to turn: to the Sudan, with its "big, big dam," whose new irrigation scheme is going to make it a rival of the cotton-fields of Tennessee? To Nyassaland, where straw grows all the year round? To timbered Tanganyika, home of the topaz and moonstone? To Mauritius, with its flowers and gardens, scene of the deathless loves of Paul and Virginie? Or to Zanzibar, magical coral isle, haunted with soft, spicy odours? Zanzibar is like an enchanted island from the Arabian Nights:

In Zanzibar, in Zanzibar,
The blue sea breaks where the surf-boats are.
Shimmering sands, all silver-white,
Throw back the sun-ray's golden light.
Low white walls, with a mighty gate
Fretted with carving intricate,
Guard rich jewels and treasures rare. . . .
And in the softly scented air
Hangs the odour of old romance—
Magic carpet and odalisk's dance
Beauty behind a mysterious veil,
Princess of Eastern fairy tale.
Garlands of lotus and groves of spice
Spring from an island paradise,
Where the blue sea breaks and the surf-boats are
In Zanzibar, in Zanzibar.

And the last thing I heard was the artist-man ordering a million cocoa-nuts. They could supply them (in Zanzibar) and never know the difference.

A. A. THOMSON

Their Majesties at the Whitsun Manœuvres

Photograph *Central Press*

The King and Queen, with members of the General Staff, watching a river-crossing display by troops at Aldershot. The bridge, which is supported by petrol tins, was erected by that branch of the Service who "are the men who do something all round"—the Sappers

BY E. T. REED

THE RIGHT "PARTY" SPIRIT AT CHEQUERS

Encouraged by the survival of both Sir James Craig and President Cosgrave, Mr. MacDonald will doubtless welcome tnese suggestions for other little tête-à-têtes of equally congenial couples

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

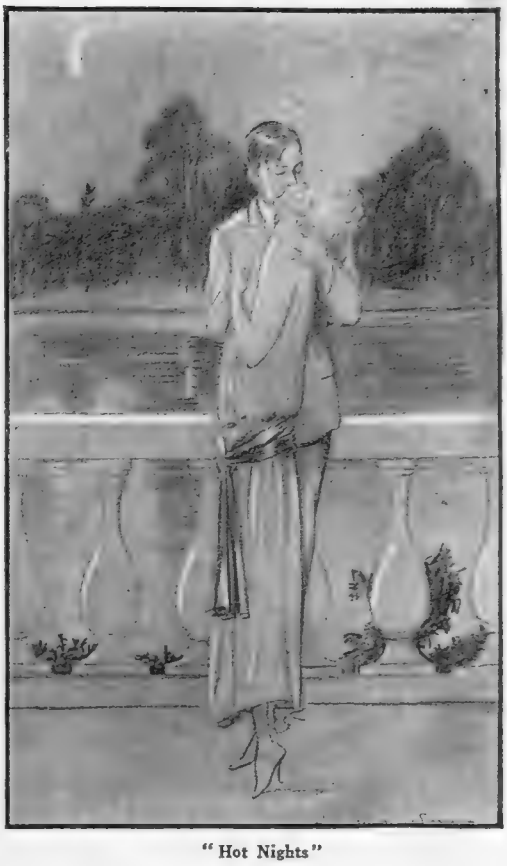
MES AMIS—

AFTER having enthused over the joys of summer, I am asked to lament, by a number of the most constantly faithful Paris readers of THE BYSTANDER, over the woes which Nature's grill has served to a body which was entirely without appetite for it. Hot nights have been disastrous for quite an impressive number of night restaurants and *dancings* of the capital, and I am told that several of them are in the hands of a receiver. One of the most delightful and efficient of the new *restaurants de luxe*, which had won a *premier prix* for cooking excellence, has had to close its imposing doors, while some of the *dancings*, which throughout the late spring were cheerfully filled every night, have recently formed a pathetic pattern in empty tables and chairs.

EVEN the most carefully iced champagne "drinks" hot in Montmartre in this weather, and the only place where it is tolerable is out in the open, by lots of thickly-leaved trees. Fortunately—from the standpoint of the consumer—we have many such green-leaf cooled havens, in the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, but it was the point of view of the owners of the others with which I was asked to sympathise. Sincerely, I do. I know most of them are triers, and it is rough-edged luck that their best efforts should be turned into financial wreckage.

BEFORE this gossip is decipherable in cold type many BYSTANDER readers will probably have made the acquaintance in London of those human fly-wheels, Cortez and Peggy, who, at Rector's, have made the biggest "hit" which has been accomplished in Paris for many months. Generally, I, for one, do not care over much for acrobatics in dancing, but one cannot fail to be impressed by the unusual cleverness of Cortez and Peggy. This Spanish-American combination has the note of distinction and novelty which is necessary to rouse the *blasé* familiars of the Paris night clubs, with the result that they have been more talked of than any dancing partners who have come to the capital for quite a while. Cortez is a handsome Spaniard with the lineaments of the typical grandee of old Madrid, and Peggy is American emotionalism in inspired action. They should be popular in London, but Paris likes them so well that a contract has already been fixed up for their early return.

JAZZ-BANDS introduced the principle that providers of the music should enjoy it as much as the revellers for whom it was furnished. At Langer's, the open-air restaurant of the Champs Elysées, I see they have made a further advance on the line that amusements shall be for all. They have brought the waiters into the fun, and the general spirit of gaiety certainly gains. When I was there the other night, they had a competition for dancing partners, in which you shouted as vigorously as you liked for the combination that pleased you best, each pair bearing a number. The waiters, most of them grouped in a corner, were allowed to join in this vocal voting, to their evident delight, and to the added merriment and liveliness of the diners. Langers is a cure for the languid.



"Hot Nights"

"Cortez and Peggy" from Rector's, Paris, now delighting Londoners at the Hotel Metropole

ONE wonders how long the passion for red is likely to dominate feminine Paris. At present, instead of signs of a reaction, all efforts are in the direction of extending the scope. Soon the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne will be an all-red route—with red hats, red scarves, red frocks, red belts and handbags, red shoes and even red stockings. There is no doubt that these moving patches of blazing vermilion fit very well into the shimmering, and still brilliant, green of the world's most magnificent avenue. These richly laden trees are an incomparable background for the most vivid colourings in dresses, as the fashion dictators well know. But if Parisiennes take these provocative frocks with them on their holidays in the country, in Normandy and Brittany where the bulls resent the intrusion of red upon the landscape, then tragedies are likely to be numerous.

GOLF may be growing greatly in favour in France, but a number of clubs are slow to acquire the spirit of this—as of other games. He had entered an important club handicap competition, with his usual handicap of twenty-three—they give handicaps like that in France. On the morning of the first round, as on two or three occasions before, he had himself suggested that his handicap should be reduced as his play had much improved, but he was curtly given to understand that the committee was quite satisfied with its handicapping. Well, he finished second of the eight to qualify, as he certainly ought to have done with a handicap of such dimension. The results were formally posted, but two days after he was informed that the committee had decided that a handicap limit of twenty must be imposed in this competition, and as the addition of three strokes placed him on a level with a player who had originally just failed to qualify, these two would have to play off.

"Tragedies"

MY friend consented, after remarking that it was scarcely in order to establish a new rule at that stage. During the play-off my friend hit the pin with a niblick shot from just off the green. There is no doubt that he had incurred the usual penalty of two strokes, but neither of them knew the rules, so they just carried on, his opponent finishing two strokes behind. Six days after, my unlucky friend was notified that in view of this incident that match was a tie also, and must be replayed. In this replay he came home one stroke ahead without question. After all this, it was only fitting that he should romp right through and win the final, the low handicap men having no chance against such a burden as twenty strokes. Now he proposes to present to the committee a copy of the rules, printed in black-faced type, with the capitals in red.

M. HERRIOT, who has become the man of the moment in French politics, as the result of the success of the more Liberal groups in the elections, is an almost unknown figure to Britons at home. Truth to tell, M. Herriot is not very well-known to the bulk of Parisians for he is essentially a product of Lyons, which he always refers to as the Manchester of France. M. Herriot, however, has one distinctive sign which would win for him immediate popularity among cartoonists. This is his hat. To be absolutely precise, one should say the shape, the present shape, of his hat. I have always been bewildered over the manner by which that hat acquired its personality.

UNDOUBTEDLY, when it was purchased, it had a similar form to all soft felt hats, but in its subsequent history it seems to have squared itself in order to be in exact keeping with the fine square head and splendid square shoulders of this rugged, curly-haired son of the people. M. Herriot has a habit of sleeping for two nights of every week in the Paris-Lyons expresses, so one wonders if he employs the hat as a pillow. What I do hope is that he will not change it. Already he has startled us by the introduction of a white vest slip—a dazzling innovation on the part of a man who does not seem to have any spare time for clothes—but Herriot without that lovable old hat would be an unwelcome stranger.

RENÉ

Photograph *Central News*

"WE ARE SEVEN"

The members of the chorus of the new Café de Paris cabaret show go in for a little uplift—physical, if not also mental—to judge by the above photograph. The Café de Paris is on the site of the Elysée Restaurant in Coventry Street

Over the Hill and Far Away

A morning canter on the cliffs above the blue Mediterranean with St. Jean-de-Luz in the background

GETTING TO GRIP

An incident in a steer-wrestling competition which is one of the features of this month's International Rode
keenly contested tournament, the selected champions of the v

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

PS WITH THE STEER

deo Competition at the British Empire Exhibition. The Rodeo is not a mere display of trick riding, but a various ranches competing against each other in deadly earnest

BY A. K. MACDONALD

HEART SEIZURE—ANOTHER BATHING FATALITY

"Drawn to the course by a coach and 4 spankers"

YOGO HAMA THE HORSEY GENT

MOST DEAR HON SIR,

KINDLY to permit I should make a few enlargements and other suitable debates on this so hectic week to date which makes to comprise Ascot racings, the International Horses' Show and the anniversary of Waterloo which are now being dug for repairs in the river.

Non-sophisticate and other agricultural cousins consider Derby and Ascot to be very much of the same muchness, but this only makes to show us how simple and pure-minded these horticultural persons become when they live in provinces and suchly non-stylish departments. For the benefits of these so ignoramus rusticates, if any, permit I should explain this are by any means not so. The Derby are very proletarian sporting for men in the street and other non-Society persons who occasionally labour to perform tasks when not on a strike. On the opposite hand, Ascot are a very royal and ancient sporting specially prepared for the upper 10's and so forths who do not toil to spin, but attend courts because they were born to these spheres. Myself, I have receive the Hon. privilege to witness this so stylish festive and be drawn to the course by a coach and 4 spankers.

How very delicious it shall be, I hug myself, to observe all the Lords, Earls, Baronettes and other belted persons, masc and femn, arrayed in their titles and suchly garlands. These are very prime pedigree persons who sit on the Houses of Lords and other historic chambers, also have descend from Hon. Sir William Conqueror, B.C. Yes, forsoothly, I shall greatly enjoy to witness this so glittering spectacular, especially the Hon. fairs in costless fashion garments with tiaras and coronas to match. But notwithstandingly their so high estates, these mighty 1's do not scorn to make puntings at odds to 1 like the common clays who back their bobs on the Derby Oaks and other very public racings. I have hear from some exclusive circles that even his Hon. Majesty puts his 10 to 1's or other lucrative odds on a gee, which gives to show he are a good sportster and does not deign to despise good puntings. But I do not flatter to suppose that his Hon. Majesty places his punts with a mere Booking gent or suchly Old Firm, but with a very royal Booking Chamberlain, who must give polite and respectful odds otherwisely he should lose his head and other official perks.

The aforesaidly Earls, Dukes and other peerages, make their puntings for very high stakes, not bobs both ways for a place like in the late Derby where all men are nearly equal and the Costing Monger rubs noses with the Duke because all are happy and gay. No, indeedly, and I shall tip my hat and feel very breathless when I see a lordly Duke or Sir placing 5,000£ on a problematical gee at non-lucrative odds such as evens or 2's to 1. When they

"A very royal Booking Chamberlain"

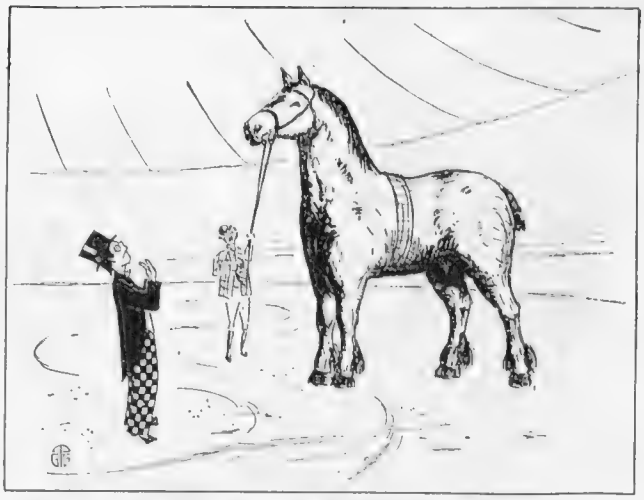
lose their backings, they do not hollow "police!" or make fits like inferior birth persons, but sigh bitterishly or emit some reckless laughs. Then they sell their patrimonics to mercantile wealthies and go to found colonies and other British possessions which the sun does not set on.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, constrain to cease these moralings which you have dug from 1d or 2d novel stories, and deflate more lavishly on these sportings. Who, for instants, shall win the Ascot?" you deplore. O no, I shall not be so non-sporting to let this exclusive mouse from his bag, because then all should know and there would be not any good odds to 1, but entirely the contrary. I are not a good

"Placing 5,000£ on a problematical gee"

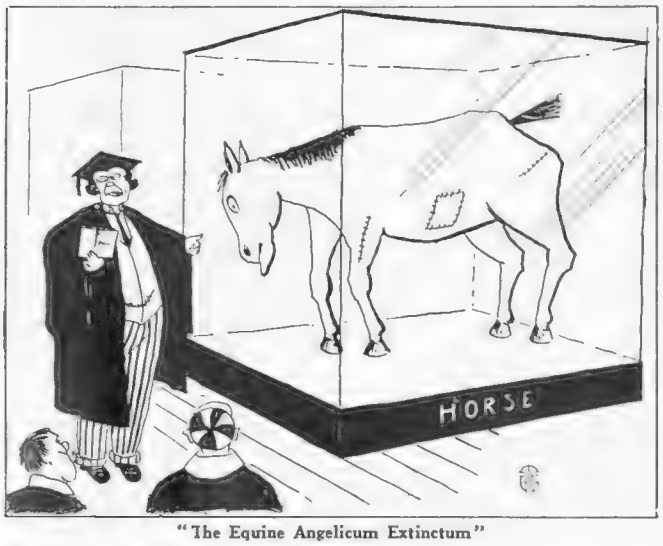
tippings person and shall not descend to these inferior levels.

Howeverly, let us prepare to consider the International Horses' Show. This are also a very fashionable festive because horses of all nations, denominations and tongues meet to assemble their good points and receive cups for same, if legitimate. Here we are enable to observe the so various brands of gees for locomotions or other uses. Some of these are of different sizes, but the Shires are very tremendously large like as elephants and other horned colossals of the jungle. Very mostly these are beer horses, because they push the carts with tubs of this so delicious concomitant and other goodish inebriations. If, I bemuse, this Hon. beverage can produce so gargantuan quadrapetals, should it not be considerable wisdoms if we made ourselves to grow like these Shires and drink tons of beer and other X.X. fluids to make us swell to these desirable sizes? That are goodish notion, so perhapsly Hon. Sir Ramsay and other politicals will make a Bill for us to eat beer at all meals, so we shall become fat to swipe our enemies with enormous muscularity.



"The Shires are very tremendously large"

But, alasly, I have read a few days before last in my news periodical that the horse will live to become a very extinct animal. This are very saddish prognostic, for if there are not any horses but only extinct 1's how shall we put our shirts and suchly puntings on them, I ask to inquire? Also we shall have not any Derby Oaks or Ascots, and the Hon. Booking gents shall have to retire on their misfortunes. This should make all good sporting persons to weep and gnash vociferously, which would be a very glumpish spectacular and move our hearts to bleed. Constrain to consider, Hon. Sir, how you shall feel a 1,000 or so years hencely when you look at this extinct fauna in a glass cage with an Hon. professorial gent depicting his points with a pole like in the Nat. Hist. Mus. at S. Kensingtons. That shall make us very sad when we redepict the so happy years of 1924 when we observed these so noble equines dashing to be 1-st at a post at numerous odds to 1. Perhapsly they shall call him the *Equine Angelicum Extinctum* which translates into Anglo Extinct Horse and means he are stuffed and cannot bite you.



"The Equine Angelicum Extinctum"

Kindly to impardon these so saddish and glump commentings, Hon. Sir, and let us endeavour to hope that these so noble species shall maintain their non-extinctions, very especially the gargantuan beer horses which contribute so gallant works to help supply our thirsts by transporting our beers. I shall now have an afflatus:

I love the so gallant equine gees,
From home, colonial and over-seas,
Where should be our 10's to 1,
If they got extinct and could not run?

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your good healths have made not any changes for the worse, I remain,

Yogo Hama

A CHILI INTERLUDE

Miss Hermione Baddeley and Mr. Sonnie Hale waxing lyrical on the charms of "Chili Bom-Boms" in "The Punch-Bowl," the new revue at the Duke of York's. The ladies in the background apparently represent Chili "Bom-Boms" or, rather, Chili "Bon-Bons"

Sitting Out!

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

Claire Divina and Lawrence Charles, whose delightful exhibition dancing, including a "slow-motion" act and a dramatic Chinese number, are well known to Londoners. They are at present appearing at the Queen's Hall Roof and the Cabaret Club

The Punch-Bowl

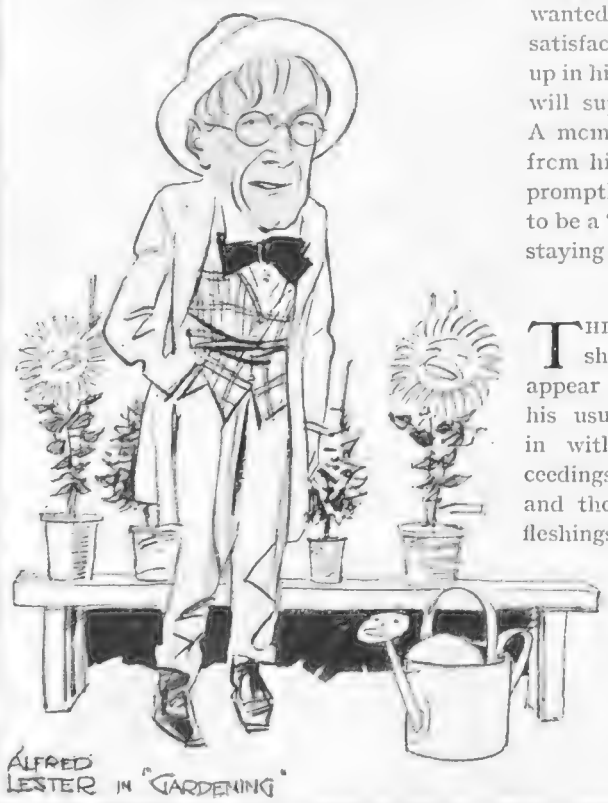
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced May 21, 1924

THIS is a polite Revue. With very slight exceptions, everything is in the nicest possible taste, and special attention appears to have been given to the music, which is, as it were, the senior partner in the show. The leading feature of the entertainment is the story of an attempt to bring our old friends Punch and Judy up-to-date. This occupies a third of the programme, and it is certainly the mainstay of the production. Punch is, of course, dear to our hearts. I should not venture to say that his performance has any particularly moral or uplifting qualities, but that is probably the reason for his great popularity among us. As we all know, Punch is a fellow who goes about killing all sorts of people, and when the time comes for him to pay the penalty of his crimes he contrives to get someone else's neck into the noose intended for his own just retribution. This is peculiarly satisfactory to us as a nation of sportsmen, since our sympathies are usually with the pursued and against the pursuer, even when the latter is that exalted personage Justice herself.



ALFRED LESTER IN "GARDENING"

WE first see the Showman in his "living room." He comes back home after an indifferent day, and by way of explaining the cause of the lack of popular support, his wife suggests that the old show is out of date. She thinks it ought to be made more elaborate, with, perhaps, a ballet thrown in. This would, no doubt, cost a few thousands, but as somebody says, you can always find men ready to back a theatrical enterprise of the kind, because in that way they can get through the stage door. But the Showman will not admit that his show is out of date. He takes his puppets out of their box, and paints Judy's nose a little redder, and assures himself that that is all that is wanted to attract the public. Having satisfactorily solved the problem, he curls up in his armchair for the usual dream that will supply the motive of the next act. A moment later Punch suddenly emerges from his box as a living being, and he is promptly followed by Judy, who appears to be a "nagger" of very high quality and staying power.

THE scene then changes, and the old show is enacted as the modernists appear to desire. Punch goes through his usual programme of doing people in with his handy club. The proceedings are necessarily interrupted here and there while two gentlemen in black fleshings stroll mournfully on to remove the corpses. At intervals there is a graceful ballet, with music by Mr. Norman O'Neill, and the show is as superb as modern enterprise can make it. Yet, magnificent as it all is, it is not Punch-and-Judy as we know and love the exhilarating spectacle.

WHEN the curtain has fallen at last on the brilliant scene we find ourselves back in the Showman's living room, and hear him speaking of the lovely display we have just witnessed as a "horrible nightmare." He begs that his wife will sit down in front of the puppet show so that he may give a special performance for her benefit. It is significant that while the up-to-date translation simply evokes wonder and admiration, the crazy old show sends the audience into fits of laughter. When Judy hit Punch on the back of the head so that you could hear the smack distinctly, we all roared with joyous laughter; and when Punch retaliated by savagely beating Judy to death, we were in the seventh heaven of delight. Besides, you had the comfortable feeling that there was no danger that in the middle of the excitement someone would come and wave a frowsy little bag under your nose in diligent pursuit of the reluctant copper. The moral of the show must be that Punch-and-Judy does not want to be refined. By transforming it into a thing of beauty you destroy its humour.

ALFRED LESTER WITH AN ARMFUL OF MARJORIE SPIERS

MR. ALFRED LESTER as the Showman gives an interesting performance, and his clever manipulation of the puppets in the plain unvarnished exhibition of the old show, very properly provokes a tremendous outburst of applause. The rest of the Revue is produced on severely correct lines, as though the humorists were clearly afraid of letting themselves go. It was a good idea, for instance, to mix up the characters in Shakespeare's plays so that Juliet could throw her everlasting Romeo overboard, and try to hook Hamlet instead, and so on. But the notion is developed with merely mechanical precision, and does not provoke much mirth. Mr. Alfred Lester comes before the curtain at the commencement of the turn to warn us facetiously that the bars of the theatre will be closed during his performance as Hamlet. It might, perhaps, have been a better joke if he had announced that an extra staff of waitresses had been temporarily engaged in order to cope with the anticipated rush.

MR. LESTER, indeed, is not here given the opportunities that his genius deserves. His best turn is that in which he creeps on the darkened stage as a workman endeavouring hurriedly to adjust an alleged trouble in the lighting arrangements. He is still sprawling before the footlights when Mr. Ralph Coram strolls on to teach Miss Marjorie Spiers How to Love, with musical accompaniment. As Mr. Coram finds it obviously impossible to give his lesson adequately with Mr. Lester eavesdropping, he retires hurriedly from the contest. Mr. Lester then rises to his feet, and observing that it would be a pity to stop the turn in the middle, grips the dainty lady and makes love to her in the fierce and violent manner of the Apache. Having scared her stiff, he picks her up in his arms and nonchalantly drops her out of the window and goes off calling valiantly for beer.

"THE Breakfast Time Follies" is another good idea that never develops beyond the representation of the obvious, although it seems capable of yielding quite a lot of rich and original fun. Mr. Billy Leonard, who is the human Punch of the up-to-date version, puts a lot of energy into a song about a gentleman named Nat who is always "handing out the neat stuff"; but I think a translation should be supplied with an effort of that kind. The lively singing is very much better than the song itself. Miss Norah Blaney gives in her best drawing-room manner, a sentimental ditty to the effect that she does not know what she will do when some other girl is kissing the man she has turned down; but she gets a good deal more liveliness into her work later in the evening when she is joined by the playful and tuneful Miss Gwen Farrar. Some people I know think laughter is vulgar; but revues are not written for their sort, and, personally, I think a cackle or two over a good thing now and then does you a lot of good. One of the surprises of the evening is Miss Hermione Baddeley, whom I have hitherto had the advantage of seeing only in serious plays. Miss Baddeley appears in a burlesque of Ophelia, she is the Judy of the up-to-date Punch scene, and actively participates in other turns, but I had not before suspected that her genius lay in the direction of comic acting. *The Punch-Bowl* is a thing of rare beauty, in a tasteful musical setting, but the fun department seems to need a little gingering up if this production, charming though it is, aims to make a successful appeal to the crowd.

JINGLE

Photograph *Photo Press*

THE ENGLISH "SKIPPER"

A. E. R. Gilligan, the Sussex Captain, who captained the English team in the first Test Match. He recently took eight Middlesex wickets for twenty-five runs

PEOPLE AT PLAY

INSIDE "2 L O."

By "PENDARVES"

HAVING suffered agonies and ecstasies at the houses of all my friends, I felt it was about time to look into this wireless wizardry at its source. Agonies, as everyone knows, are suffered at the hands of the man who cannot and will not leave the wireless set alone, but must needs fiddle about with it, introducing *crescendos* and *diminuendos* that were never in any human composition ; and ecstasies from the slow speech of humorists like John Henry, and from the Second General News Bulletin, which announces that the horse you failed to back for the St. Leger this morning because the bookie's line was engaged has been scratched—ha ! ha !

Besides, I had an insensate desire to see Nuncio, the Announcer, the owner of the suave, varnished voice, who tells the whole world and the other man's wife to wait "one minute, please." I felt also that it must be a wonderful place, this 2 L O, because there people can, if they choose, tell the whole listening-in population of London exactly what they think of them without being answered back.

As a matter of history they don't, of course. How they resist the temptation to do so is beyond me. In reality, the gentlemen at the B.B.C. have a deep respect for their myriad clients, which I, knowing a few of them, do not share. Consequently you are subdued into a monastic silence the moment you reach the precincts of the studio. Uniformed men pad noiselessly about holding up cautionary fingers. Red lights wink at you over doors, and you are beckoned within as to a death-chamber.

But it is a gay room with sofas and armchairs round the draped walls, one or two drums in a corner, two grand pianos, half a dozen music stands—and emptiness. In the middle of a Sahara of space there is a little box on wheels containing the microphone reposing on a bed of sponge rubber. Snake-like coils of electric cable burrow from it into the thick blue carpet—and that is all.

Your first impression is one of acute anticlimax. Surely there is more in it than this ? What is all the fuss about, anyway ? Why all this silence and tip-toeing and signalling on the part of the string quartette now grouped near the little box ? You turn to a man on your left and begin in a chatty tone of voice, "I say—er—do you mind explaining to me. . . ." Everyone in the room gives you an icy stare. Nuncio frowns heavily at you, and you suddenly realise that all your friends and relations in Balham and Bristol and a host of people you don't know in Blaenau-festiniog have HEARD YOU ! That the boring woman whose invitation to dine that night you refused on the plea of going out of town is probably crouching under her head-phones in Albert Hall Mansions. That your tailor who wrote you recently that he was "at a loss to understand" has now been reminded of your elusive presence once again by his confounded crystal set.

The effect of this is magical. It has humbled stouter men than you. You cower back into the armchair almost holding your breath. Another fearful possibility assails you. Supposing you sneeze in the middle of this *Rondo Respectivo* they have just begun to play ? Hundreds of thousands of people all over England will say simultaneously, "T'cha ! damn that man." Meaning you ! Now you begin to appreciate why artistes performing at 2 L O for the benefit of the unseen multitudes are sometimes afflicted with twitching nerves. Why hardened public speakers with great names and bits of ribbon hanging over their shirt-fronts approach the microphone as to a dentist's chair. Why Grand Opera stars, who never take less than ten monotonous calls after Act II, and who sell their bouquets for quite a respectable sum, have to be coaxed and placated towards this innocent-looking little apparatus.

It is because they have sufficient imagination to realise that whereas the temper of a visible audience can at least be gauged, and the safety curtain rung down, if necessary, here this deadly little instrument is transmitting your flat C in song or your fumbled word in speech through the inimical night to all those unseen persons who are looking at each other across drawing-rooms and saying acidly, "Don't think much of this old dodderer, d'you ? " Or, "Who *is* this dreadful woman ? Vote we turn the thing off and wait for the Savoy Band—what ? "

Furthermore, when you have finished an impassioned "talk" on the habits of the Shanghai Silk Worm, on which you are the world's leading authority, or ended your great song with that famous sobbing catch in the voice that has brought vociferous stall-holders to their feet throughout five continents, you don't "get a hand," as the profession so modestly describes public approbation. You get dead silence. A silence pregnant with possibilities of dire disapproval all over listening Britain.

But this pit of horror has its compensations when you have said your little piece. You can sit and watch other people squirm. The great composer, for example, who has brought his own band with him. In his view, judging by the contortions of his face, they are massacring his *Scherzo*. But he can't say a word. He can only stand by, waving frantic arms, or prowl dismally up and down the room ploughing furrows in his bobbed hair.

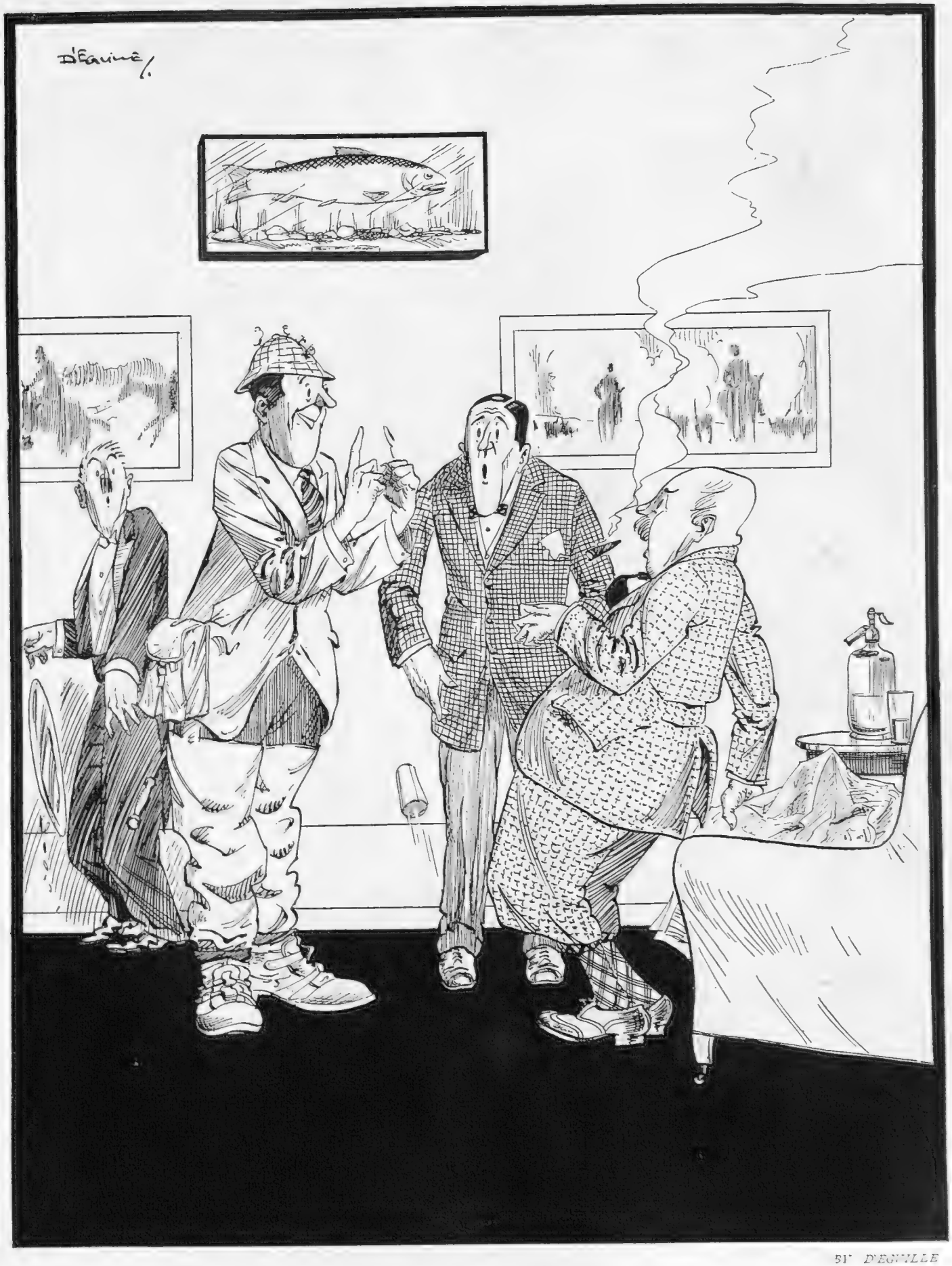
I had a compensation all to myself. There are two studios at 2 L O. I found myself in an upper room alone with a very great Litterateur and Critic of life, who was delivering a "talk" (which he read) on his pet subject. I dare say it was very bad taste on my part, but I did not like his *coiffure*, or his Oxford manner, or his baggy trousers, or his ineffable contempt for the frailties of human nature. I never have liked him. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity. He was *absolutely at my mercy. Me.* Think of it ! All I had to do was to suddenly make a dart at the microphone and say (in a suave and varnished voice), "Cheerio, people. I'm Felix, the Cat. Bear up. It won't be long before the band plays. Keep a stout heart—bow, wow ! "—or something devastating of that sort.

But I refrained, of course. It was a terribly tempting moment, but I conquered it. You see, everyone up at 2 L O is such a perfect gentleman. And when one is in the B.B.C. one must do as B.B.C.ians do ; which is to amuse and instruct, with suavity and efficiency. And most excellently do they achieve both.

Photograph] **A FAST MOTION PICTURE** *[L.N.A.*

H. M. Abrahams winning the final heat of the hundred yards in the recent Inter-Club contest held on the Garrison Athletic Ground, at Woolwich. Abrahams' time was nine and three-fifths seconds, which equals the World's record

People We Admire But Never Meet



THE FISHERMAN WHO TOLD THE TRUTH

British Opera at His Majesty's Theatre

"THE SPIRIT OF WATER"
Miss Eily Gerald, the première danseuse, as she appears in "The Perfect Fool"

Photographs

MR. WILLIAM MICHAEL
As Beckmesser in "The Mastersingers"

THE GRECIAN TOUCH
Grecian handmaidens in Rutland Boughton's music-drama, "Alkestis"

Suska

MR. TUDOR DAVIES
As Walther in "The Mastersingers"

The British National Opera Company, who are holding a five weeks' season in the West End, are to be found at His Majesty's Theatre. They are blessed with plenty of first-rate talent, Eric Marshall, Frederick Ranalow and Maggie Teyte being a few of the more prominent "stars"

Strawberry Time. By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *June* 16

DEAR COUSIN—

OH, what a life we do live here in London now it's strawberry time! Though not half such a startling existence most of us seem to have as, f'rinstance, those people from the Five Towns in the new Arnold Bennett and Knoblock play that's on at Drury Lane.

"Strawberry time"

ALWAYS rather like these stage pictures, don't you, that show us just how hectic things *can* be? How when you're just a provincial solicitor (only handsome, of course, with leonine locks, like Mr. Henry Ainley) you've only got to decide to come up to town, and 'fore you can say "knife," or "six-an'-eightpence," or "whereas," or "furthermore," or whatever it is solicitors *do* say when really hustled and excited. . . . Well, there you are being made Colonial Secretary and running an affair with a rich lady (obviously quite blameless, seeing it's Lilian Braithwaite), and having big deals of £20,000 or so, not to mention dances and fearf'ly smart parties always going on in the background.

AND making (more or less) brilliant epigrams, too, all the time. Such as, *e.g.* and *par exemple*, that every successful politician must have (1) two alternative policies, in case the first doesn't prove popular, (2) a low handicap at golf, and (3) a tame newspaper. Or that after forty years of politics there are 'tany rate two words you never use—Yes and No.

PICTURESQUISH and romantic sort of things happening, too, in that other Arnold Bennett play, *The Great Adventure*, they're giving once again at the Haymarket. Wnerein a famous artist, sort of Augustus John and Sargent and Nevinson and Lavery and McEvoy all rolled into one, pretends to be dead just 'cos he's so shy, and marries a cook-housekeeper or something and lives happy ever after—or till Act IV, anyway—on just a few pounds a week.

RATHER nice, is not it, the way these sort of things occur upon the boards and 'neath the genial sunlight of the limes? Always just the right kind of summer it is there, too, which is rather an additional help—what? No horrid gales arriving to disarrange your hair and frock, and no terrible mud to pick your way through ever, either, like at Epsom the other day. And even if there *is* the most awful thunder and lightning and things around, up trips the heroine, having battled through the storm, 'thout a spot of powder required or a single fleck of rain or anything on her spotless Reville frock and Pinet shoes.

"International Horse Show at Olympia"

"Ascot"

WOULD be rather pleasant, some ways, to lead that startling, but tidy, stage life, where something happens every act, and all according to plan. But after all, not sure we haven't got our own fair allowance of romance and little sensations, too, we who live and move and have our being round about this ancient burg of London just this partic'lar moment. Ascot this week—that alone, methinks, is enough to gild life with something of pageantry and picturesqueness, what with the big Royal party that's to be there, and the processions and all.

WHICH reminds me of a perfectly lovely story dear Sir Charles Hawtrey—now, alas! gone—tells in his *The Truth at Last*, the memoirs just published, about how he act'lly very nearly once became a solicitor. Had had his premium paid, and went to see his prospective chief about it, but . . . "it was a gorgeous summer morning and the first day of Ascot. I looked out through the window,

and I saw the blue sky flecked with little white clouds. I saw the trees in the old square, with their fresh green leaves fluttered by a gentle breeze, and I thought to myself how heavenly Ascot would be!" Also the solicitor had a black velvet collar to his frock coat, so Sir Charles took an instant dislike to him, went to Ascot, and never set foot in the office again!

MADE quite a lot of money you know, Sir Charles did, racing, and one time put a play on 'tirely on the strength of 'bout £1,800 he got at Kempton by a lucky bet. But lost all he made and more, and when they knighted him remarked, "Well, anyway, they can't say I *paid* for it." And was always rather reckless and generous and popular—not altogether without romance, his life, even off the stage.

BUT talking of romance, *and* horses, what about the Rodeo people who've lately arrived at Wembley, and just started doing all their broncho-busting and bulldogging turns and suchlike? I ask you. 'Cluding women like the celebrated Bonnie McCarroll, the world's champion cowgirl, who think naught of being thrown and rolled on by their fiery steeds, and come up smiling every time with a few broken legs or arms, and just mount again and win a few more trick-riding prizes in their stride, so to speak.

ALSO this week, Friday as ever is, to be strictly c'rect, start of the great Horse Show at Olympia. 'Nother

"Epsom the other day"

quite refreshing little touch 'bout this 'ticular time or juncture, isn't it—the supremacy, for the moment, of the horse, putting just for a little while mere h.p. slightly in the shade? Am just a little 'fraid, p'raps, that the rough thrills of Rodeo may put the flower-bedecked arena of Olympia, with its pretty toy jumps, poss'bly the least bit out of the picture.

ASCOT, horses, roses, strawberries—could there be a *much* more romantic garland or mixed grill or fruit salad for these romantic days of mid-June? But yet 'nother ingredient to be added 'fore it's finally stirred up, methinks—music, to wit. Three operas going all at once, 'cluding those nice B.N.O.C. ones again at His Majesty's, and an Italian season, with real Italian singers, at Covent Garden.

WHERE, was thrilled the other night, completely and entirely, by the d'lightfullest *Rigoletto*, with Mr. Joseph Hislop and that rich-voiced Signor Cesare Formichi, and, 'bove all, sweet little Maria Ivoguen as the most fascinating Gilda, trilling away with the best, from a tiny slim body—'stead of the somewhat voluminous *prime donne* we've got accustomed to in the best vocal quarters. Rather nice to know, isn't it, that it *is* possible to sing quite beautif'ly and still keep under sixteen stone—what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Bystanderisms: £50 FOR A PHRASE

Closing Date, Monday, June 30th

BELOW is a list of well-known London Dance Clubs, Cabaret Shows, Country Clubs, Restaurants, etc., and we are offering readers a Prize of Fifty Pounds for the best phrase descriptive of the character *of any one the reader may select.*

The phrase must not be more than four words in length. Competitors can send in attempts for one only or for any number of the Clubs and Restaurants mentioned, but each attempt must be made on a separate coupon, which will be found on *the third page of cover.* There is, of course, no entrance fee.

In order to assist readers, we give an example of the type of phrase required :—

NAME OF CLUB—Regent's Park Country Club.
BYSTANDERISM—That (K)Russian Feeling.

ANGLO-AMERICAN DANCE CLUB.
BELGRAVIA HOTEL.
BERKELEY HOTEL.
BLANCHARD'S CLUB.
CAFÉ ROYAL.
CARLTON HOTEL.
CECIL HOTEL.
CIRO'S CLUB.
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
CRITERION ROOF GARDEN.
EMBASSY CLUB.
EMPRESS ROOMS.
GRAFTON GALLERIES CLUB.
HAMBONE CLUB.
HURLINGHAM CLUB.
HYDE PARK HOTEL.
LONDON COUNTRY CLUB.
MAYFAIR DANCE CLUB.
MIDNIGHT FOLLIES.
MOOR PARK COUNTRY CLUB.
MURRAY'S RIVER CLUB.
ODDENINO'S RESTAURANT.
PICCADILLY RESTAURANT.
PRINCES'.
QUEEN'S HALL ROOF.
RANELAGH CLUB.
REGENT'S PARK COUNTRY CLUB.
RITZ HOTEL.
RIVIERA CLUB.
ROEHAMPTON CLUB.
ROMANO'S RESTAURANT.
SAVOY HOTEL
SIMPSON'S.
TROCADERO RESTAURANT.
TUSCAN RESTAURANT.
WALDORF HOTEL.

The decision of the Editor will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into in regard to the Competition. Competitors can enter only on this understanding.

The Editor reserves the right to make use of any of the phrases sent in if he so wishes.

A Feather-Weight Affair

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS DORA DUBEY

Who is one of the company now appearing in the "Dolly's Revels" at the Piccadilly Hotel, in one of the earliest styles of summer dresses known to man

POLO NOTES . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Still Unsettled

At the end of last week the Selection Committee seemed to be as far off as ever they were from fixing the team to play against America in September. The latest story is that no fewer than eight players are to be invited to make the trip to New York. This suggests that the Committee will not finally make up their minds until they have had an opportunity of seeing the form of the men on American soil. I hope it will all pan out right, yet I cannot but think it would be better for them to decide upon their International formation without any further delay, in order to give the men as much practice as a team as they possibly can before they leave the country. This would assuredly be the ideal way of doing it, but unfortunately we cannot always achieve our ideals, and I am not unmindful of the manifold difficulties with which the selectors have had to contend.

An Indispensable

First and foremost we have the fact that we have at least seven eligibles for the team who are all in a heap so far as individual form is concerned. I do not include Mr. Lacey in this group, for he is certainly in a class of his own among British players of to-day. True, there have been games this season in which he has been a trifle patchy, but I do not attach the slightest importance to that. Whether he plays at back or at No. 3, Lacey is indispensable if we are to be adequately represented in America, and it remains for the Committee to build up the team around him. On his best form in the past I would also include Lord Wodehouse as completely worthy of his place, but we must bear in mind that he has had practically no polo for a long time owing to his unlucky mishap early in the London season.

By "The Tout"

LIEUT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL

Who stands a good chance of being included in the Polo team which will represent England in this year's International against America

Whispers

It is, therefore, impossible to say with confidence that he is now just as brilliant as he was. Moreover, there are all sorts of disconcerting whispers that he is not at the moment hitting it off too well with members of the Selection Committee on certain questions of policy. I sincerely hope that those rumours are without foundation, or, at least, are very much exaggerated, for we do not want any friction of this sort within a month or so of the team's departure for the States. Providing his wrist is sound again, we would like to see Lord Wodehouse in a trial game during the next few days in the place which seems marked out for him.

Kirkwood's Place

The position of No. 1 in the England side appears now to rest between Colonel Melvill and Major Kirkwood. There is precious little to choose between them on this season's form. I wonder the selectors do not try the experiment of placing Melvill at 1 and Kirkwood at 2. I understand that the latter was the position on which Kirkwood made his reputation in India, and the suggested combination strikes me as being one which would prove highly successful. Then there are men like Hurndall, Phipps-Hornby, Atkinson, Barrett, Cholmondeley, and Lockett, all of whom are entitled to consideration, together with John Traill, who did very well in the trial match on Whit Monday.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

Ascot Week

We are all devoutly hoping for brighter conditions for Ascot than have lately prevailed. You know what a world of difference it makes when the sun shines on the incomparable Royal meeting. One thing at least is certain: owners and trainers this time will not have reason to complain of the state of the going. As a rule, the ground is on the firm side at Ascot, and sore shins and even worse troubles are the inevitable sequel. This week there will not be the slightest jar in the ground, and there need be no fear of breakdowns. This should have the effect of making the racing more brilliant than ever. We are assured of a wonderfully interesting Gold Cup to-morrow. Our neighbours in France have made up their minds that they are going to carry off this most coveted of all racing trophies. Certainly they are putting a very formidable lot in the field, and if an English horse manages to beat the French cracks he is assured of a tremendous ovation from the crowd.

French Horses in the Cup

So far as I can tell at the moment of writing, the foreign contingent will include Filibert de Savoie, Le Capucin, Massine, Rose Prince, and Town Guard. The last-named, perhaps, cannot properly be ranked as a foreigner, but he has been in France since the end of last year, and his owner, trainer, and jockey are Argentine men. It will be a rare triumph for them if they win the Gold Cup, as few people on this side of the Channel believed that Town Guard would "come back" in the way he has done. According to this year's form, I suppose we must accept Filibert de Savoie as the best of the French lot. It is said of him that he "stays for ever," and it will take something extra good to outstay him on this course. Which will be the best of the home division? The consensus of opinion probably favours Tranquil, and justifiably so in view of her victory in the St. Leger.

Tranquil's Chance

It is a long time since we saw the Gold Cup won by a filly, but then it is not often that a mare of Tranquil's exceptional calibre is found in training. I have always had an idea that we did not see the best of Papyrus when Tranquil beat him in the St. Leger. I hope to see this point cleared up in the Gold Cup. It will be great if we can produce the winners of last year's Derby and St. Leger to do battle against the pick of the French colts on Thursday. I trust I shall not be accused of any lack of patriotism if I make **Filibert de Savoie** my selection. In his absence I expect to see Tranquil do the trick.

The Hunt Cup

There are plenty of other knotty problems to be solved this week. The Royal Hunt Cup, for example, looks remarkably open. When betting began on this race last week the bookies were offering 100 to 8 on the field, and it is difficult to say which horse will ultimately be favourite. After going through the handicap several times, I have come to the conclusion that nothing is better in at the weights than Torlonia, who did not enjoy the best of luck when he ran at Epsom and Kempton recently. Compare his Hunt Cup weight with those which he carried in on those occasions, and you will agree that the handicapper has given him a really good winning chance. The issue is rather complicated by the fact that the Stanley House stable has others in the race. I take their selected candidate, Torlonia or Pharos, as the likely winner.

Other Selections

I confidently expect **Mumtaz Mahal** to win the race chosen for her. In her absence the Coronation Stakes may go to Neigeuse, who showed plenty of speed in the Oaks. The Ascot Derby on the same afternoon should be won by **Salmon Trout**. I select **Woodend** for the Waterford Stakes. The meeting will afford **Tom Pinch** an excellent opportunity of winning his first race, for he claims any allowances of weight which may be going. Perhaps the Rous Memorial Stakes on Thursday will be his journey. Unless **Sansovino** has run on the opening day, he should win the Hardwicke Stakes on Friday.

JEWELS ADORN BEAUTY
BUT PEARLS EXALT IT !

However beautiful in her own right, a woman becomes more beautiful in pearls, as instantly and as inevitably as the effect of the richest room, or the simplest, is transfigured by the magic beauty of flowers!

Pearls do more than adorn beauty.

THEY EXALT IT !

And that is equally true whether they be Orientals or Téclas

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from

Wembley to Wei-hai-Wei

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In every sphere of culture and refinement discerning men smoke State Express exclusively, as the one way to make sure that the next will be as perfect as the last.

STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTES

Ardath Tobacco Co., Ltd., London.

Our Ballot Master

Miss Renée Kelly in a delightful garden setting. She is busy helping us to organise a special ballot for the Theatrical Garden Party which is to be held next Tuesday, June 24, at the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea. The ballot is to decide which are the ten most popular side-shows, and THE BYSTANDER is supplementing the prizes with a little gift of Ten Guineas. With such a plethora of good things as the Theatrical Garden Party has to offer, the fight for popularity should be very close

TOPICAL TALES

THE ABSTAINER. By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

EIGHT young men were watching Molly Andrews when the punt-pole broke and flung her into the river. Two were strangers in a passing skiff, and did not count. Five leapt into the water to her rescue with one accord. One abstained.

The accident happened just opposite the Paton's big house-boat, "Myosotis," about a hundred yards above the lasher. The river is deep there and the bottom weedy. Recent rains had raised a strong current. Molly should never have been punting by herself at all. Herbert Powys, who was staying with the Patons, had told her so not ten minutes before. She had snubbed him rather severely. Being something of an heiress and something more of a beauty, she was not accustomed to being lectured, and she did not like it. Herbert was the sixth man. He was lounging on the upper deck of the "Myosotis" when she disappeared. It is true that he rose to his feet, but he showed no intention whatever of going to her rescue. Instead, he smiled—the kind of smile that is usually called sardonic—and sauntered down the steps to the dinghy.

The five rescuers hit the water almost at once. If any difference there were, Andrew Winton was a shade the first, appropriately, for he was most in love of all of them. Indeed, it was generally recognised in the Streetford houseboat colony that the chance lay between him and Powys, with the others comparatively nowhere, which made it all the more noble of them also to adventure. They did not regret it, for scarcely had their heads risen above water after the first plunge than it was generally realised that Herbert Powys' chance was gone.

For long minutes it seemed, indeed, that Molly would never have the chance of accepting any of them, for dive as they would—three of them at least, for the other two, being weak swimmers, had soon to abandon the search and make for the bank—nothing could be found of her. It was only as Andrew Winton rose gasping from his fifth exploration of the river-bed that he was aware of a highly polished dinghy some twenty yards down stream and of a be draggled young woman being helped into it over the stern-sheets by an immaculately dressed young man who was showing no excitement at all. Once safely aboard, Herbert Powys paddled lazily back to the "Felix," which was the Andrews' houseboat, pausing only, as if by an afterthought, to pick up Andrew Winton on the way.

Andrew Winton, though feeling well content, for it is, after all, pleasant to feel that you have acted well in an emergency, was not looking his best. His hair was plastered over his forehead and his features were more or less obscured with duck-weed, and the colours of his silk shirt had begun to run into a chromatic fantasy that was unusual. Even while she thanked him for his splendid rally to her rescue it seemed to him that Molly was striving to conceal a smile—he could not imagine why. She, indeed, was not exactly looking her best, either, as he thought with a shade of annoyance. It was quickly lost, however, in satisfaction at the eagerness of her well-chosen words and her almost complete ignoring of the spotless figure behind him. Never, she said, could she be sufficiently grateful. Never should she forget. She was especially delighted to realise that there *were some* people who would sacrifice themselves for the cause of someone whom they professed to like. She said this with a certain viciousness.

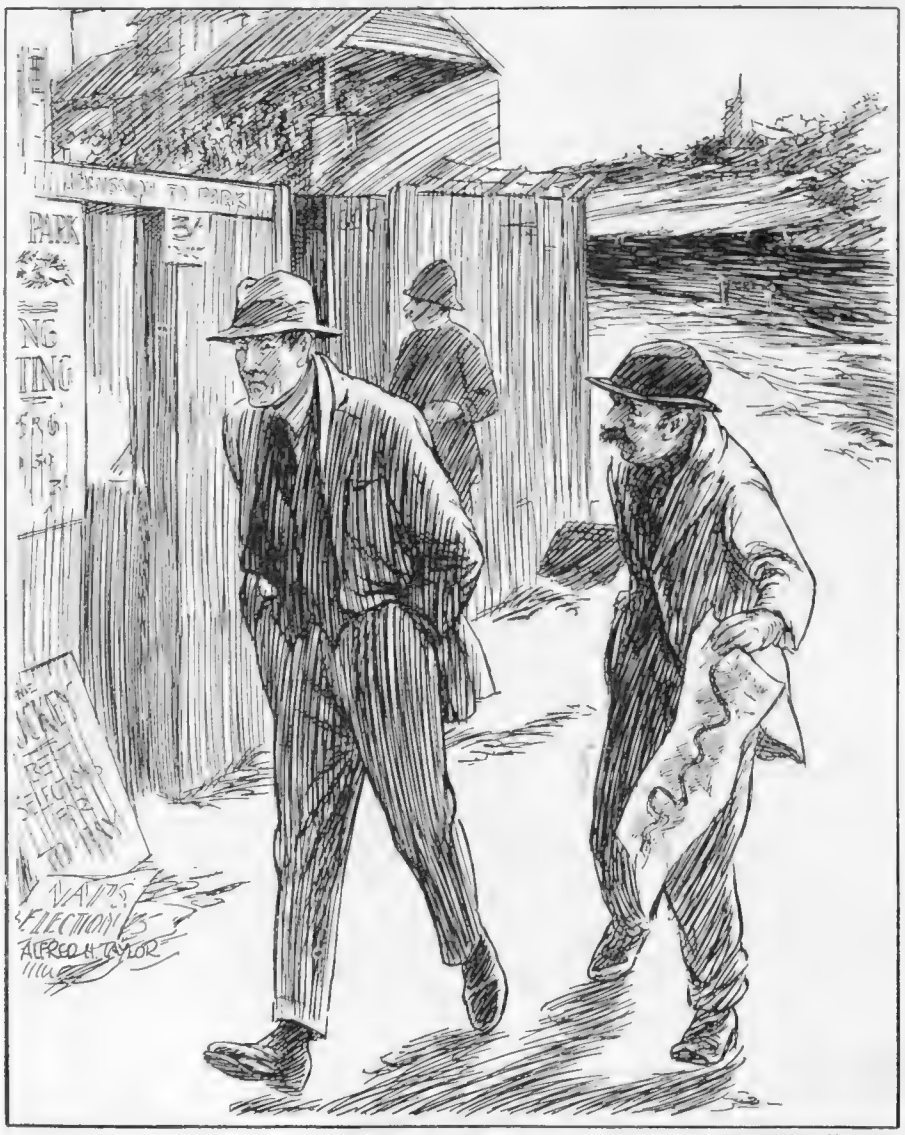
It was the more disappointing—for Andrew Winton, who was not really a psychologist, thought it would have been a good opportunity to clinch matters—that she told him, as he leapt ashore, that she wouldn't be able to play tennis with him at the Marchmonts that afternoon because she had promised Mr. Powys to run over with him in his two-seater to Oxford, where she had some shopping to do. But she said it so regretfully that he thought it an excellent omen and spent most of the evening rehearsing the exact words in which he would propose on the morrow.

Andrew might have found even more encouragement had he listened to the conversation between Molly and his rival as they drove off that afternoon. Molly was angry and made no attempt to conceal it. "I suppose you'd have been quite pleased if I had been drowned this morning?" she said, sharply, as preliminary.

"On the contrary," he replied, calmly, "I should have been quite sorry. But I didn't anticipate it."

"Why not, pray?"

(Continued on page 892B)



RACE SUICIDE By ALFRED TAYLOR

"'Ere y'are, sir! Map o' the river an' all the bridges!'

"I respect a genuine abstainer from the use of stimulants. He has as much right to abstain as I have to be sorry for him." *W.W.*

If a man refrains from drinking alcohol because he fears excess, he deserves and is entitled to the respect of all right-thinking people.

If he refrains from choice, nobody ventures to find fault with him. In a free world we must do as we like or cease to be free people.

Persons who abstain are fond of giving us options in the form of trick questions. Are you in favour of (1) no change (2) fewer licenses (3) no licenses?

How would they like us to invite options such as: Are you in favour of non-drinkers being (1) left alone so long as they are quiet. (2) Segregated in the Doone Valley (where there is plenty of water) or (3) vaccinated with beer every six months?

We who use stimulants have just as much right to put non-users to the trouble of answering trick questions as they have to ask us to answer their trick questions.

While we are thinking this out John Gillon & Co. Ltd. see to it that the user of fine quality stimulant gets

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TOPICAL TALES (concluded)

"I've seen you swimming, you must remember."

"D'you mean—do you dare to insinuate—that I did it on purpose?"

"I know you did."

Molly gasped angrily, but did not reply.

"You see, I was there when you and the Fletcher girls and Jimmy Bateson were discussing that new play at the What's-its-name Theatre, where the woman starts out to test the man—I haven't seen the play myself—but I happened to be watching you—I generally am, you know, and I saw the sort of look in your eye——"

"You must have studied my expression pretty carefully."

"I did. I often do. But as a matter of fact I would have jumped in with the rest, only I had a new suit on—one of the best things Goole has ever turned out for me—and I should have hated to spoil it."

"I think you're perfectly insufferable." And just about then they came out on the Banbury Road.

Andrew Winton had a terrible cold next morning, and an extremely sore throat. This did not, however, prevent him from carrying out his plan. He was a determined young man, for one thing, and he felt for another that such an opportunity must not be allowed to slip. Fortune favoured him, and at precisely eleven in the morning in a Canadian canoe he put the fatal question. He found some difficulty in putting it, for all his "m's" insisted on coming out as "b's," and he sneezed three times in succession just before he came to the keyword of his question.

IN THE ACADEMY

The portrait of Mrs. Charles Bois by Richard Jack, R.A., which is exhibited at the Royal Academy. Her husband, Mr. Charles Gordon Bois, is a well-known member of White's Club

Molly Andrews was not the kind of girl who giggles at anything or everything; certainly not at anything so serious as a proposal. But giggle she undoubtedly did, and it was some time before she had sufficiently recovered self-control to reply with due seriousness that she was extremely sorry, but that she had accepted Mr. Herbert Powys only the evening before on the way back from Oxford.

Why she did so Andrew Winton has never to this day understood, because for one thing he is not a psychologist, and for another it is so generally understood that the hero shall inherit the earth that not even the sequelæ of the Great War have managed to knock it out of the heads of most of us.

The moral of which, of course, is, that the Bird that cogitates catches the Worm. O. M. H.

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of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Intoxicants

IF MEN WENT MAD

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is only in her occasional pensive moments, when temporarily satiated with her circle of amusements, that the fashionable woman languidly murmurs the hoary platitude: "If only I were a man."

Relatively, in the matter of the work of life and the spending of its fruits, man is, in reality, a down-trodden beast.

As a little diversion let us consider his clothes. Being a more delicate and modest animal, he wears many more garments than woman. That is obvious, even to the casual observer, when the sun shines. The unsophisticated might therefore imagine that man spent more on his clothes than woman, a thought so comic that it would make even Mr. Snowden smile.

But although woman wears the minimum she cannot control herself from buying the maximum. Her boudoir is a salon of silky fabrics, foaming lingerie, and unmysteriously diaphanous creations, designed to break men's hearts—and devastate her husband's overdraft.

It would be catastrophic, if in a moment of madness the husband became obsessed with the thought: "If only I were a woman" and surrendering to the impulse indulged in a similar orgy of spending.

Picture him at his bootmaker's fiercely ordering pairs of blood-red shoes to wear with his brick-coloured golf suit. See him at his hosier ordering peacock ties to blend with apple-green socks, and shirts galore of subtle shades to lure the Ciro Circes. Watch the infinite care with which he would select his pale mauve pants, with his monogram above the knee in contrasting colours just loud enough to be seen but not heard.

Subtlest joy of all, see him prance towards Bond Street and order a dozen—not one—new evening suits for the coming season, a dozen suits for town wear, and others for Goodwood, more for Cowes and Deauville, and an entirely new set for the winter. And then, after his wife had arranged to get the certificate signed, more clothes for the lunatic asylum.

The inevitable end to his madness would, of course, desolate his wife's heart, but she would exhibit her grief in the most attractive mourning weeds which would be the sensation of all the smartest supper-clubs.

* * * * * * * * * * *

If men did spend as much as women, it would be a sort of millennium for Pope and Bradley. The firm would have to take fresh premises; the Ritz Hotel and a piece of the Green Park might suffice for awhile. At the moment the following prices are almost absurdly modest. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d.

An original and interesting booklet on men's fashions will be forwarded on application.

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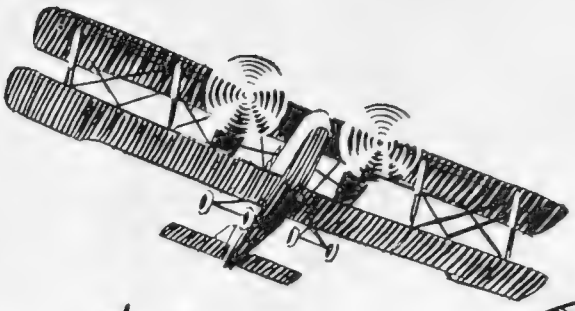

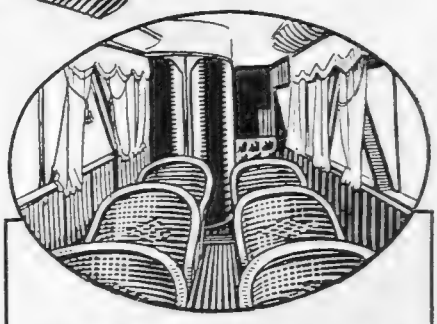

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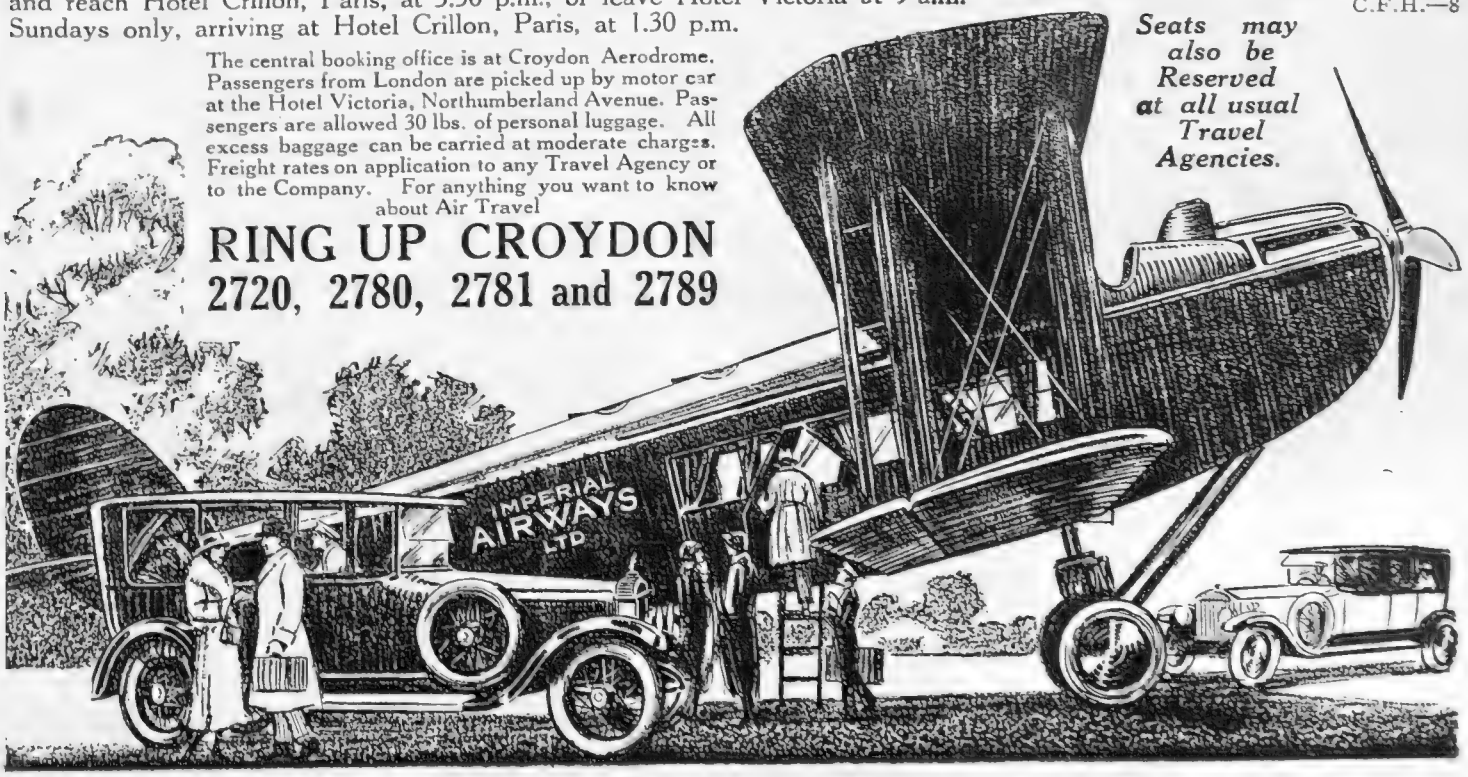
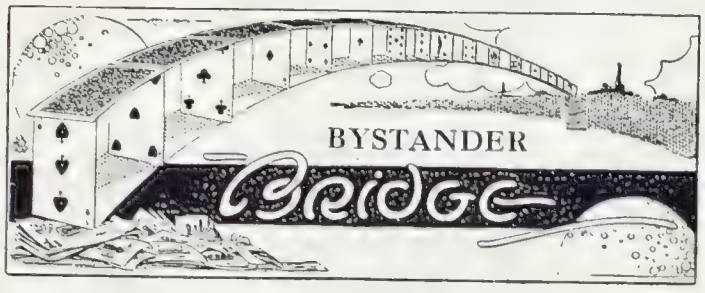




BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE VALUE OF THE INITIAL DEAL

A CORRESPONDENT writes asking for an opinion as to what percentage, if any, of the average value of a rubber the original deal is worth. This I have always regarded as a very interesting point, and have often wondered why writers upon Auction do not more often refer to it.

There is no doubt whatever that in the general opinion of players the deal is an advantage, otherwise why are they so anxious to have it, and once having started a deal out of their turn, why so chary of surrendering it?

. . . . . .

I have, like most other players, had my deal "jumped" times without number, but I cannot recollect a single instance when any benevolent opponent has offered me his deal. Again, one comes across players who seem to have made a thorough hobby of dealing, and will carry on hand after hand in the most light-hearted manner, until somebody suddenly wakes up to the fact that it is about time they participated in that branch of the entertainment.

Now as regards our friend with an obsession for dealing, by what subconscious motive is he guided? Is it a prompting for the good of his fellow creatures or for his own advantage?

. . . . . .

In my opinion the deal is a great advantage. It often enables the dealer to make an initial bid of "one" upon such strength as might be quite inadequate for a subsequent bid, but such a bid may be a great help to his partner, either in making a second bid or in directing his lead.

With such a holding as: Spades—8, 5, 2. Hearts—10, 9, 4. Diamonds—K, Q, 3. Clubs—K, Q, J, 5: you could bid "one Club" as dealer, but would not have an opportunity of showing the suit at any later stage of the bidding.

Then, again, with a strong hand the dealer can make the first offensive move, and the first opportunity for doing this is an asset of considerable value. Thrice armed is he who gets his blow in first.

. . . . . .

It is impossible to make anything but a rough estimate as to what is the value of the initial deal in a rubber. Personally, I should be prepared to give my opponents 10 above the line for it, and if they would allow me to deal every hand until the rubber is over, I should be prepared to give a bonus above the line for every such deal, being convinced in my own mind that I should make a very good profit upon the transaction. (No hanky-panky insinuated!)

Now, as the average rubber is about 400 points, a bonus of 10 points represents 2½ per cent. of the total, and this is the lowest estimate of what I consider the initial deal to be worth.

My advice is "keep your eye on your deal, and see that your claim is not jumped."

What happens is this. During the discussion that often occurs at the end of the hand the player on the right of the one who should be next dealer takes up the pack, shuffles it and presents it to his opponent on his right, who cuts the pack, and he proceeds with the deal. There is an instance on record at a club of a player who dealt four times in succession without anyone noticing it. He was going to deal the fifth time when the laughter of an onlooker caused one of the players to wake up to the situation. And it was not an after-dinner rubber, either!

. . . . .

Our second Four Weeks' Competition, the announcement of the result of which has been delayed owing to my illness, produced a record number of entries, and it has been no small work to examine them all. Only one competitor was quite correct (or, perhaps, I should say agreed with all my solutions). Prizes have been awarded to the following:

£10—LIEUT.-COLONEL HAYNES, Blair Park, Coatbridge, Scotland.

£5—"Tyro"—MAJOR E. SANDFORD CARTER, United Service Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

£3—"Ikona"—J. YATES, 5, Raphael Street, Knightsbridge, S.W.7.

The three BYSTANDER Bridge Sets go to:
MRS. HARRISSON, Daventry, Northlands.
F. BROCK, Merrieweathers, Mayfield, Sussex.
MRS. J. MARSHALL, 3, Clarendon Place, Stirling.

Problem No. 1

The point of this problem is that Y must insist on playing the hand in Diamonds. A and B should not bid. Y should overcall "one no-trumps" with "two" or "three Diamonds," and if Z goes on with the no-trumper should take him out with three, and, if he persists, with five Diamonds. Y should make a little slam in Diamonds if B leads a Spade or a Club and five by cards if B opens a Heart or Diamond.

Problem No. 2

(*a*). "One Club."—Many competitors plumped for from two to five Clubs, but my view of the hand is that one Club is the best bid, as Z can go up gradually in Clubs, even to six, if Spades are bid strongly against him, and he can double any five-suit bid.

(*b*) "Six Diamonds."—This hand differs from hand (*a*) in that it is a two-suiter. Z wants to shut out a bid of Spades and should make a big pre-emptive bid at once.

(*c*) "Three no-trumps."—This is a hand which requires pre-emptive treatment. In defence against Hearts or Spades bid by opponents it would not be as good as it looks. It is essentially a three no-trumper.

Problem No. 3

Z should not take the first Diamond trick, but he must take the second unless B leads the Ace. Z should then play four rounds of Hearts, putting dummy in on the fourth round, and lead Club from dummy and *finesse* his 9 unless B puts up Jack. If A takes the trick and leads a Spade, Z goes game. But if A returns the Club Z only just makes his contract.

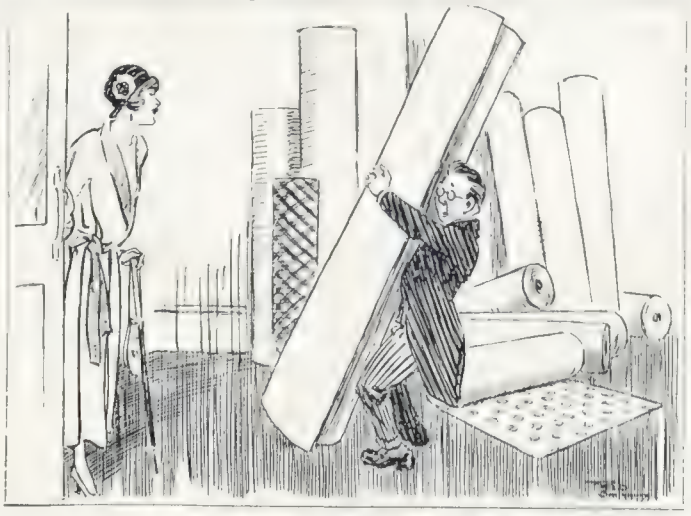
Problem No. 4

Y should call "four Spades" straight away to shut out any bidding by opponents or partner. Z can only make two no-trumps against a Diamond opening. Y can only make four Spades. A and B can make either four Diamonds or four Hearts, and will save the game at small cost if they risk a bid of five. By calling "four Spades" Y will almost certainly prevent A and B showing their strength. I have admitted as correct a bid of three Spades, but I consider for reasons given that "four Spades" is the best bid.

. . . .

Next week a new Four Weeks' Competition will start. Prizes and rules as before.

We join with our readers in welcoming Mr. Manning Foster back after his serious illness. During the three weeks of his absence his place was taken by "Slam," the well-known author of "Modern Bridge."



THE PERSONAL ELEMENT By FIELD SMITH

Lady (entering lino section of departmental store) "Is this the mannikin department?"

Dewar's

THE SPIRIT INCOMPARABLE

True to the last echo of friendship; ready to guard and to give. Fine as the health of the Highlands; strong and generous too. For such is the worth of a Clansman and . . . . .

DEWAR'S

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

THREE books of travel lie on my desk, all vastly different in manner and matter, all exceedingly good to read. The first treats of a country of which much has been said in the last few weeks, though few Englishmen have been there. The second outlines in amusing fashion a motoring tour to Venice and back, and the third is a painter's impressions of those corners of Surrey which seem to be for ever hiding themselves from the public gaze. All these books are illustrated in delicate fashion, and you will do well to put them on your library list.

✵

I TAKE Mr. E. O. Hoppé's book first. He is a fortunate man. He has made his name as a photographer, and there seems no reason why he should not make another name for himself as a writer. At any rate, his first book—I fancy it must be the first that he has actually *written* as well as illustrated—is a delightful volume which records a rambling visit he paid to Roumania. It is called *In Gypsy Camp and Royal Palace* (Methuen: 15*s.* net), and the title is apt. Mr. Hoppé poked an inquisitive, but generally appreciative, nose into all sorts of corners of this little-known country. He was warmly welcomed by the Queen (who, incidentally, writes a preface to his book), explored Bucharest, which must be a singularly picturesque city, tramped over large tracts of country, took a lift now and then with equal pleasure in Royal motor-car or the humblest of carts, and in general managed to see nearly everything that was worth the seeing.

✵

NOW it is one thing to enjoy yourself in a strange country, but quite another to write a good book about it on your return home. Fortunately, Mr. Hoppé has done both. His photographs of Roumanian life are the joyous things that you expected them to be, but his chapters are equally good. His pen is vivid, and he has an eye for dramatic effect. Reading on, you begin to understand what kind of a land this is where a British-born Princess sits on the throne. There is bright colour everywhere, in town and in country. There is a touch of the West, but there is also rather more than a touch of the East, and Mr. Hoppé manages to bring out the contrasting features remarkably well. He does not regret so delightful a visit; nor will his readers.

✵

THEN there is Mr. Donald Maxwell's beautifully produced *Unknown Surrey* (Lane: 15*s.* net). Mr. Maxwell has already shown us what he can do in the southern counties, and his Surrey volume is just as good as its predecessors. Like Mr. Hoppé, he pokes his nose into all sorts of corners, and tramps about, and if anything goes wrong there is always poor Brown to be blamed.

✵

AND those sketches of his, of which a number are reproduced in colour, are always very gracious and fine. Not all show you country scenes, for Rotherhithe and Bermondsey (I was almost shocked to be reminded) are both in Surrey. As for the text, Mr. Maxwell was wise not to engage the services of a professional writer. As he says, and I agree with him, the man would have been very expensive and probably dull. As it stands the book could not be bettered.

W. L. GEORGE By Hynks

✵

WHAT our grandfathers would have said of the public school story of to-day I cannot imagine. They would have looked upon any criticism of the system itself as something very near to high treason, and they would have been horrified at some of the reasons given for suggested alterations. When Alec Waugh's *Loom of Youth* appeared, it gave rise to a lengthy controversy in the newspapers. People either accused the youthful author of writing what he knew to be false or congratulated him on being the first to tell something like the whole truth. As a result of that controversy it was allowed that criticism of the system need not be the product of a disgruntled brain. For long years schoolmasters had been well aware of all the difficult problems of adolescence: now the public was being given a chance to review them as well.

✵

MR. WAUGH'S novel and its successor, *Public School Life*, made his position perfectly clear. He had reached the conclusion that boys were allowed to stay at the public schools much too long. Seventeen, he suggested, would be the most suitable age for departure. With this view Mr. Austin Harrison, deserting for the moment those political questions about which he has written so much, would appear to be more or less in accord, for his novel, *Lifting Mist* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a story of a boy's dawning interest in sex and the dangers attending any attempt at its total effacement.

✵

YOU may take young Sam Hone to be the average boy or not, as you choose. He is certainly likeable, though rather more sensitive than most normal youngsters, and his earlier career at Marsh Merrow School, the original of which, in spite of the river demanded by an incident in the story, is easily guessed, is described with vitality and charm. Unfortunately, when the boy comes to have his "affair" with a girl staying in the neighbourhood, the story seems less real. Their talk is given in far too great detail, and the personality of the boy becomes dim. The affair of the rabbit, too, is hardly as important as Mr. Harrison seems to consider, and you become a little impatient with Sam, though he, poor dear, is only in process of adjusting himself.

✵

I CANNOT think that Mr. Harrison's book will be widely liked, but I recognize the honesty of purpose which has brought it into being. It is one thing, however, to compose a tract, and another to write a novel. As a tract *Lifting Mist* is of interest; as a novel, except for the first few chapters, it is poor.

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F B 1521
50/-

A Model with Patent Leather decoration, but in Black Suede with Louis XV heel. This shoe adds a quiet dignity to the wearer, and is also made in Beige or Grey Suede with kid fittings to match and in White Suede with Patent Leather facings.

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A plain but refined Model with single strap and medium Louis XV heel. This shoe finds great favour among business ladies on account of its simplicity and neatness. In Suede in the following colours :— Black, Golden Brown, Grey and Beige, and in Black, Hazel, Grey and Tan Glace Kid at 45/-.

H B 2105
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A delightfully coloured Oriental Brocade Shoe with a becoming Louis XV heel. This captivating Model is also made in White Striped Satin at 58/6, and can thus be dyed to match your gown at an extra charge of 5/-.

THROUGH coming to us many ladies have, for the first time, experienced the comfort and added smartness of perfectly fitting shoes. An ill-fitting shoe can never be smart or stylish, however attractive it may have looked in the shop window, or in your hand. Yet the most graceful and stylish shoe that was ever designed can be built to give perfect fit.

At our Bond Street, Sloane Street and Regent Street shops we specialise in finding the comfortable, right-looking fit for every individual customer. The assistants who serve you are all specially trained, and it is a matter of pride with them that each client shall be fitted with the shoe most suitable for their type of foot. To this end they undergo a careful and extended tutelage in the structure and balance of the foot.

They have learned that the balance of nearly every foot is different, and that the shoe that fits a well-curved arch will not suit one that has dropped and needs support. Our lasts are specially built to ensure a close fit around the ankle, and before a purchase at the London Shoe Company is completed it is supervised and approved by an expert fitter.

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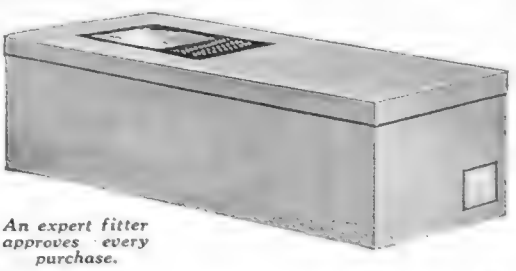
You will, no doubt, have heard that we are noted for the unique dyeing facilities we offer to our customers, but you may not have realised the full importance of this service. We are always ready to dye the fabric shoes you select to any desired shade, and do so within twenty-four hours. This allows you to choose solely for style and fitting, knowing that you can have the shoe that suits you in any shade you desire. At the same time, and for a merely nominal sum, if you wish, we dye your stockings to match your shoes.

Country customers who are not likely to be in London in the immediate future are invited to send a post card for our 1924 Catalogue (B) It shows all the best and latest models, and is accepted as authoritative on present-day styles. But if you can do so, we urge you to pay us a visit and so ensure the lasting satisfaction of a perfect fit.



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Photograph *Paul Méjat*

A NEW-COMER TO COVENT GARDEN

Mlle. Yvonne Gall, who made her first bow to Covent Garden audiences in the rôle of Floria, in Puccini's ever-popular opera "Tosca," at the Italian season at Covent Garden

FEMINA

THE DOLL-MAKER AT WEMBLEY

By MRS. M. VINCE

IF Wembley were suddenly to be closed at the end of this week, and I had to choose what I would most like to see once more before it was scattered to the ends of the Empire, I should choose the doll-maker from Hong-Kong.

HE sits in the front of one of the little open shops in the far corner of the Hong-Kong street, behind the restaurant where the Chinese orchestra plays. Above him is a large notice-board in English, with a list of wares. Behind him is the dim shop, full of what our shopkeepers would call "fancy goods"—baskets and sun-shades, toy pagodas and scarlet cats for money-boxes. In front of him there is always a small crowd intently watching. He seems quite unconscious of it. He never smiles, and knows no English except "one, two and three shillings," the price of the dolls.

HE sits with his box of magic in front of him—a small, very solid box with two crabs carved on the lid—and under shelter of this raised lid he works. If you look inside the box you see small coloured rolls and sausages of what might be very soft candle-wax, a towel, a pair of small scissors, and some very dainty, finely pointed instruments of wood. There is gold paint, also, and tiny dies with patterns on them. This is his workshop, or studio. Above the box is a brass rail with holes in it.

YOU note these things in the intervals, but when he is at work you see only his astonishing hands. It is a beautiful thing to watch the hands of a really skilled craftsman at work, and when to that skill is added the swiftness and ease of the conjuror so that you see it all and still cannot see how it is done, then it becomes magical. There is a touch of this magic in the doll-maker of Hong-Kong.

HE picks up a pellet of the cream-coloured wax, spreads it on the side of his palm almost as thinly as butter is spread, suddenly rucks it together with one of his tiny wooden instruments, picks it up on the instrument's point, and behold, in these two swift negligent motions, the piece of wax has become a flower. Then he touches it into place in the hair, or at the waist of the doll which he is making. For with this wax-like substance, which is wax and flour combined, he builds his dolls round a thin stick of wood, and they stand, while he builds them, in a hole in the brass rail above his box. But "build" is a very heavy and slow word to use of what is done so swiftly and delicately, with the touches of a butterfly. You watch the dolls grow, from the head downwards, round this piece of wood, as quickly and as unexpectedly as a lightning sketch. One moment you are watching and wondering what the thing is going to be, and the next it is finished.

THERE is a stick standing in the brass rail with a girl's head on top. The doll-maker is spreading a piece of black wax on his palm. Before you have time to guess he has picked it up and wrapped it round the stick, and there is a girl down to the waist, clothed in a black coat, and with her body inside. For the anatomy of these figures is wonderful. To look at them finished, you would think the doll had been modelled first, and then had been clothed.

RIDE-A-(TURKEY)-COCK-HORSE

A pleasing example of pottery modelling by Mr. Harry Parr, recently exhibited at the Loan Exhibition of Chelsea China and Pottery, held at the Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of the Cheyne Hospital for Children

BUT watch the doll-maker. He has gathered four or five bright colours on his palm and rolled them together, drawn the roll out to two fine points, slipped it round the top of the coat, and it is complete, with a striped collar, each colour in it as clear and even as if it really were the woven stuff.

THE next piece of wax is again a roll drawn out to two fine ends. The centre is black, the ends are white. Two touches of one of the wooden tools bring out of each white end a thumb. Three clips of the scissors, and each end is a finished hand. These black-clothed arms join the figure, and while you are still admiring the grace with which one of them hangs behind it, he has suddenly bent it forward, and the girl is holding an orange cushion against her waist. A minute later and the figure is complete, in purple skirt, embroidered in gold—complete from the flower in her black hair to the pointed toes of her gilt slippers.

ONE figure finished, and he has begun another without a moment's pause. An old man this, with a laughing face—a jolly laugh, each tooth in the little mouth, under the white moustache, showing distinct, and the eyes smiling. There is no gold or flowers or bright colours in this. It is a figure in plain black coat and blue skirt. All the art is in that laugh. Not the face only, but the hands and the whole body are laughing. The body is bent at the waist, one hand is behind him, the other raised in front in a deprecating way. He is enjoying the joke, but you can see clearly as if he spoke that he is saying, "You won't expect me quite to believe that."

EVERY man to his own craft. When I last visited this little booth in "Hong-Kong," I bought three of the dolls. The doll-maker was not working that afternoon, and he packed them up for me himself in a box, with paper shavings. He packed them with great care, doing it as slowly and intently as a child. Those swift fingers, which were almost magical with flour and wax, when they came to fold paper and tie string, seemed all thumbs.

AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT AT WEMBLEY

there is a series of modern and period rooms showing gas fires and gas lighting fittings which, while embodying the latest principles of efficiency and hygiene, are designed to harmonise with the furnishing. The lighting is controlled by pneumatic distant switches.

The room illustrated above (designed for the British Empire Gas Exhibit by Messrs. Osborne and Company, of Grafton Street) is an example of the work of William Kent, circa 1740. The colouring of the room is blue with the shell and flower mouldings and the elaborate cornice, dado rail and skirting picked out in dull silver—a splendid setting for the radiant gas fire in its antique silvered metal frame. The chief pieces of furniture comprise a Queen Anne walnut chest with four drawers, made about 1710, a William and Mary style armchair in old red brocatelle and a small Jacobean walnut table with turned legs and shaped stretchers, circa 1680.

Everyone who aspires to the Home Beautiful and wishes to make it also the Home Comfortable should

VISIT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAS EXHIBIT

(In the centre of the Palace of Industry)

THE DOGGY VOGUE

MANNERS. GENTLEMEN, PLEASE— AND LADIES!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE statement by a well-known breeder, published the other day, that: "Among breeders, fanciers, and the public, Dogs and Dog Shows never were more popular than to-day, and never before inspired so much careful organisation and investment of hard cash," was a pretty safe one. To-day (Wednesday) brings eight separate Dog Shows in the provinces, and the record for every other day this month is much the same. There must be nearer 2,000 than 1,000 Shows in the year now, in this country alone.

There are several varieties of foreign Dogs now being bred in England in much greater perfection than in their native lands. In Russia, while the enthusiastic have done their best with the Borzoi, transport difficulties (apart from L.s.d. and feeding) have led to so much inbreeding that the hounds have lost greatly in physique; especially in speed and endurance.

A reader in Torquay (no longer able to breed or exhibit, but "proud to include still three or four canine aristocrats in my household") propounds an interesting, but rather delicate point in etiquette, manners, morals. (Perhaps they're all the same thing, since manners do indubitably make the man.) "We gain immensely by being a race of Dog-lovers; that nobody can deny, or wish to alter. But, seriously, our manners towards the Dogs of our neighbours, and strangers, badly need mending. We've no more right to force unsolicited attentions upon those members of other households, than upon any others; and the thing's worth remembering if only because one sufferer from such bad manners, in his wrath, has actually suggested in *Our Dogs* that the only remedy is to train the canine members of our families to be Boche-like; to snarl mistrustfully at all strangers, and lay aside the delightful friendliness of the typical English Dog—a most mischievous suggestion."

It surely is—a desperate and melancholy suggestion; never, never to be acted on, I hope, for the British Dog is now easily the most lovable of canine sportsmen and *sahibs*, and must remain so. But, having regard to the deadly ease with which infection may be carried by humans from one Dog to another, to the maintenance of discipline and to the general demands of good manners, the more coming-on and effusive of sentimentalists really should keep this thing in mind, and wait to be introduced before "making up to" strange Dogs. And if patting a strange Dog is bad form, offering him things to eat is criminal.

From the point of view of duration as well as size, the great Paris Dog Show organised by the French K.C. (Société Centrale) for July, is to be pretty formidable; two series of three days each!

If a farmer, or a gamekeeper, or anyone else, shoots your Dog, as a penalty for trespass, don't hesitate to make him answer to the law for having taken the law into his own hands—and broken it. For that is what he has done; and you owe it to the canine community, and to all Dog lovers, that the offender should be brought to book. Even if your Dog were actually detected in the act of causing damage, he may not legally be shot out of hand; though he may, of course, quite legitimately be beaten or driven off. While this is so, you also owe it to Dogdom, and, in particular, to your own Dog, to see to it that he does not trespass or do damage. In this, as in so many other directions, prevention is a deal better, and safer, than cure.

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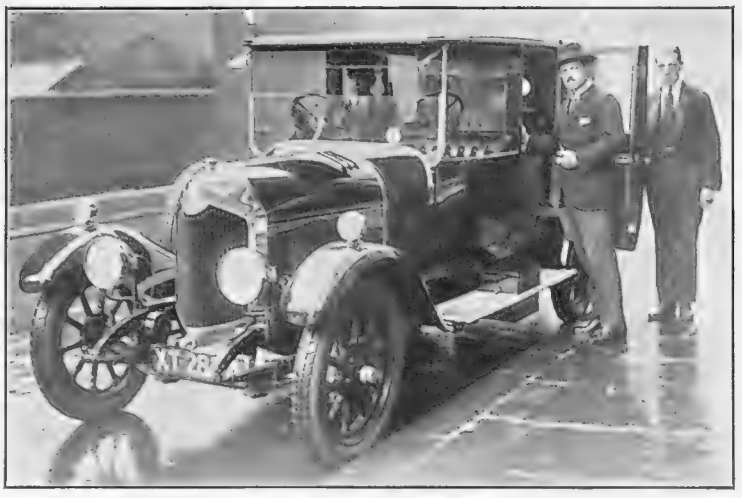
MOTOR NOTES

ADDITIONAL premises for storing supplies of motor spirit have recently been erected at Londonderry by the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd. For the first time in the history of this port, petrol was brought there in bulk by ship, as tankers have not previously berthed here. The coasting vessel *Troja* discharged 100,000 gallons of motor spirit, so evidently hopes are entertained of increased demand for fuel in the Derry district by the numerous visitors to that part of Ireland this touring season.

* *



IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES

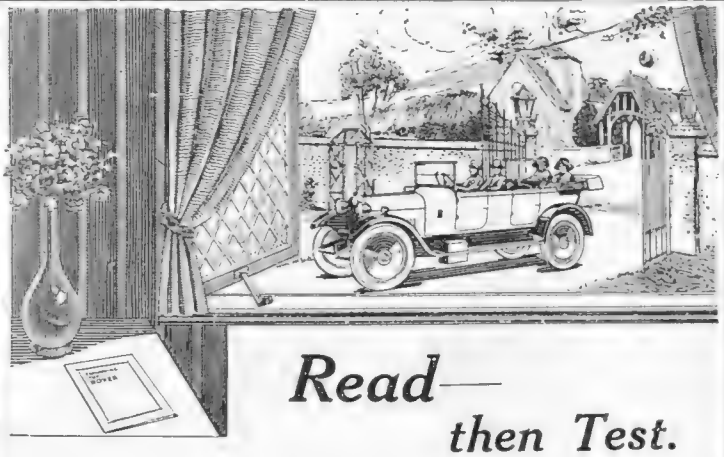
Baron Erik Palmstierna, the Swedish Minister in London, at the door of his 19'6 h.p. Crossley Landaulette. The photograph was taken outside the Swedish Legation in Portland Place

CUSTOMERS of the Rover Motor Company, Ltd., of Coventry, have a choice now of three types from that old-established firm, namely, the new 14 h.p. Rover, which has taken the place of the famous pre-War 12 h.p., the 8 h.p. air-cooled two-cylinder light car, and the new 9 h.p. four-cylinder water-cooled Rover, made to carry a four-seater body or two-seater and double dickey, as standard models. I had the new 14 h.p. Rover out for a day's run recently, and was well-pleased with its silent running engine, easy gear changing, and excellent road speed. The four or five-seater body is well-sprung, and my lady passengers appreciated that quality, as well as the rear screen fitted to protect them from the fierce blasts we set up by a little hop-a-long at 55 m.p.h. on the new Bath Road or Brentford loop. The old "twelve" Rover was good, the new "fourteen" is a far better car, as it has the lasting qualities of the former and several improvements in its design and the accessibility of its parts. As for the new 9 h.p. Rover, with its water-cooled engine, though it has only just been put into production, at the price of £180 plus £12 for an electric starter, it is selling like hot cakes, owing to its "nippiness" on the road, ease in handling, and turn of speed, to satisfy the youthful owner, as well as comfort in the bodywork for the more mature passenger. Overhead valve engine and usual up-to-date design, this addition to the small-car fleet should prove a success for its makers and its users.

* *

SCOTLAND'S hills have so surrounded the Arrol-Johnstone cars in their inception and manufacture that when they come down South it is difficult to find anything long enough or steep enough outside freak cart tracks to test them on. Consequently I was not surprised to climb Nettlebed Hill on a 20 h.p. Arrol-Johnstone at thirty miles an hour on top gear recently. In fact, this is a top-gear car with a wheelbase suitable to carry either a fully enclosed or a roomy, touring coach-built carriage, without any worry about the type of road it has to travel over. The indirect lower gears might be a bit quieter, but otherwise it is a useful hard-wearing machine. It can accelerate up to sixty miles an hour in a short distance, so is fast enough to put up

(Continued on page 900)



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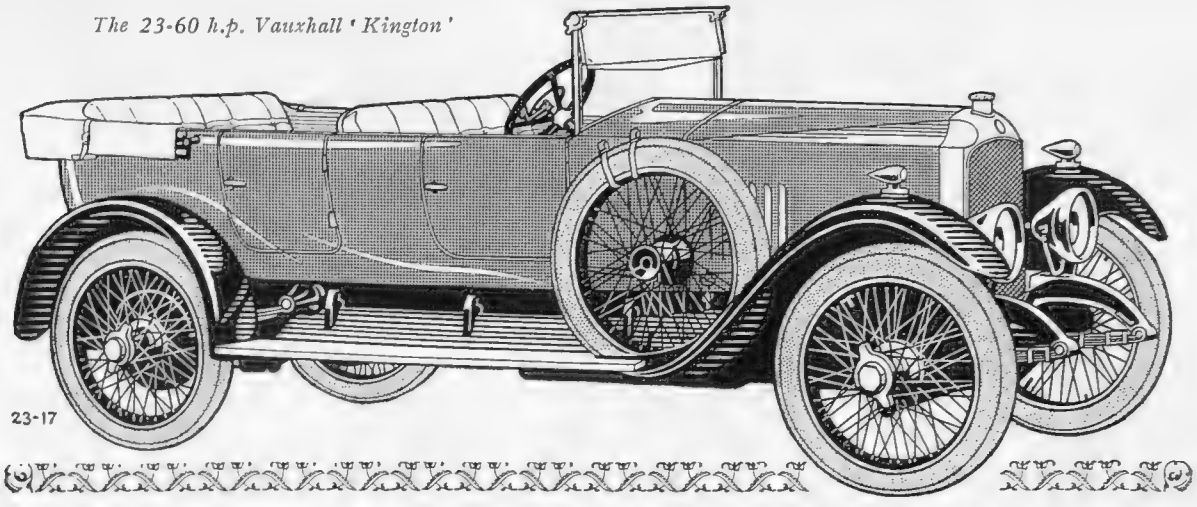
The 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall 'Kington'



"WITH a Vauxhall one expects high speed capacity and strong powers of acceleration—and one gets it in this type—but the degree of quietness obtained with the 23-60 is unusually high. Everything is smooth and quiet yet powerfully swift. Speed is always deceiving in cars of this class, but especially so with the 23-60. Running gently at 40 or 45 one could well imagine that the speed was not above 15 or 20 miles an hour." —*The Times*

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THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

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IN effective road use the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall gives you everything a large general-purpose car can give you. It travels as fast as you can desire, with all the steadiness, comfort and driving-ease you can wish for.

Its qualities and its moderate price never fail to make a deep impression on users of large best-class cars. Have you tried the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall yet, just to compare? We invite you to ask for particulars and a trial drive.

There are fifteen varieties of body in the current range of Vauxhall cars. The touring cars are the 23-60 'Kington' £895; the 14-40 'Princeton' £595; the sporting-type 30-98 'Velox' £1,220, with four-wheel brakes.

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MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

a very high road mileage average in its journeys.

* * *

I HAD a run in the 14 h.p. Standard "Kensington" saloon recently, and was particularly pleased with the general balance of this four-seated enclosed carriage. One only needed to drop down to third speed for the steepest part of the ascent of Box Hill and the clutch and gear changing are particularly sweet. Nowadays in England motorists are buying motor-carriages with fixed "tops" more than ever. Mainly because eight weeks in the year is about all that ladies really enjoy open carriages, and then they usually want closed ones at eventide at all times, so the touring car is being ousted by the saloon. This is why a popular make such as the 14 h.p. Standard provides its customers with a cheap saloon or enclosed-drive carriage for about £500. Is it not wonderful at the price?

* * *

IN anticipation of the withdrawal of the McKenna duties on August 1, the Citroën car prices have been reduced as from June 4, the two-seater now costing £160. It is a coincidence that June 4 was the fifth anniversary of the delivery of the first Citroën car ever made. In these five years 150,000 Citroëns have been put on the road.

BIG "duty reductions" have been made by Durant Motors, Ltd., anticipating the withdrawal of the McKenna duties on passenger private cars on August 1. This has the merit of stabilising their prices, as these importers state there will be no further reduction this year. The new 15.6 h.p. Rugby special which was £220 is now £188, the Durant "four-seater" is now £288, as against £350, and the Flint "six" cylinder drops from £465 to £398, and the various other models have their prices amended *pro rata*. The desire of every firm is to get its orders in quickly while the weather is good for motoring, so that in this particular instance customers need not hold back, and lose the best time of year for using cars by reason of waiting for prices to be lowered. They are down already, and *prix fixe*, as they say in Paris—sometimes.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

A 11 h.p. Hillman Four-Seater in Stratford-on-Avon. The house in the background was the home of the late Miss Marie Corelli

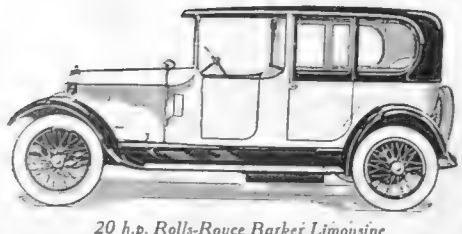
* * *

SOME remarkable performances by big cars have recently been made at Brooklands, notably in regard to the times for the flying half-mile and a complete circuit of the track. Notwithstanding the merits of these, the records made by Mr. K. Lee Guinness on the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam remain unbeaten. This is hardly surprising when the Sunbeam performances are considered. Mr. Lee Guinness's time for the world's record half-mile gave a speed of 136.05 m.p.h., and for the lap 122.39 m.p.h. This is the fastest lap ever recorded at Brooklands. The Sunbeam also achieved the highest speed appearing in the list of Brooklands records, viz., 140.51 m.p.h., Mr. K. Lee Guinness having made this phenomenal performance when setting up the record for the Class J half-mile (flying start). At Brooklands, as elsewhere, the Sunbeam has time after time covered itself with glory.

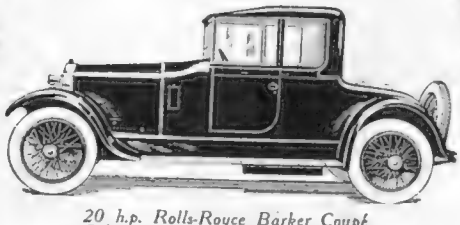
OLD HY.

BARKER COACHWORK

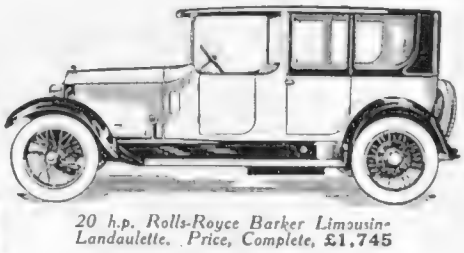
on 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce Chassis for early delivery



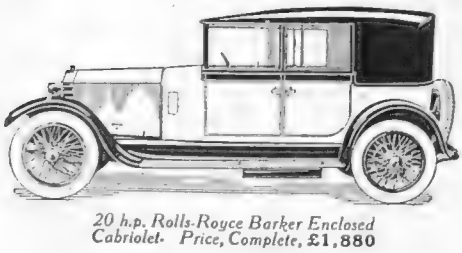
20 h.p. Rolls-Royce Barker Limousine Price, Complete, **£1,745**



20 h.p. Rolls-Royce Barker Coupé Cabriolet. Price, Complete, **£1,720**



20 h.p. Rolls-Royce Barker Limousine-Landaulette. Price, Complete, **£1,745**



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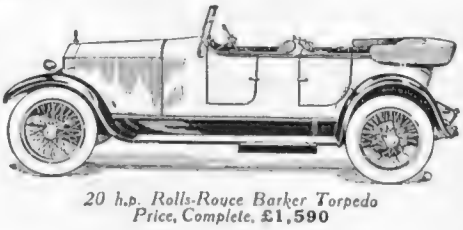

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The cost of the Complete Hot Water System, comprising the combined boilers for gas in the one case and coke and anthracite in the other, hot water circulating storage tank with primary circulations, the secondary circulation with expansion pipe and branches to the bath, the hand-basin and the sink is £54 0 0

This does not include the Gas Cooker shown herewith, the cost of which is £12 10 6

For an illustration of the "DOMESTIKATUM" Boiler open see Hamptons illustrated Circular and WEMBLEY BUNGALOW BOOKLET D159, sent free.

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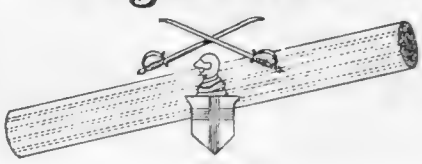

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Ravishing Tea-gowns

To appreciate the change that has come over the spirit of tea-gowns it is necessary to visit Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. Just take a glance at the example sketched by our artist. This *really* is a tea-gown and an inspiration of the great Molyneux. The whole of the beautiful creation effected in white georgette, embroidered in white silk, comprises an under-slip that is complete in itself, arranged with a seductive apron-tunic that after swirling round

AN ATTRACTIVE TEA-GOWN

Shown by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. It is of white georgette, embroidered in white silk, the deep flounce of ostrich feathers lending a distinctive note

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

the figure falls in soft flare folds at one side, and this is edged with a deep hem of white satin beauté. With it there is worn, when required, a long, loose, supremely elegant coat, trimmed with a deep flounce and collar of pure white ostrich, being, furthermore, exquisitely lined with a wide border of white chiffon, stitched with a cross-work device of narrow silver tissue ribbon.

Designated "tea-frocks," and, consequently, suitable to *thés dansants*, come a range of the daintiest Nottingham lace models. One in that very delicate nude shade has a three-flounced front, and the most captivating little capuchin movement at the back, arranged with narrow ribbons, pale blue, mauve and silver, the ends forming long streamers from one shoulder. Then, too, there are a number of the most attractive pleated crêpe de Chine frocks, with the new very fine variegated pleating that has a striped effect. In the case of one of these, a novel feature was a long V-shaped piece let in back and front of plain crêpe de Chine. But one could go on for long describing the many lovely things to be found in this tea-gown section at Wigmore Street and then leave much unsaid.

How to be Smart and Weatherproof

THE Derby of 1924 will certainly go down to history as a revelation of smart raincoats. Just how many the great firm of Burberrys, in the Haymarket, were responsible for it is impossible to conjecture, but one imagines a very large number, for these people were among the first to show us how to be gaily apparelled under the greyest and stormiest of skies in their beautiful Solgardine coats. Few would imagine, if they did not know, that these silky surfaced wonderful-hued wraps were specifically devised for wet weather wear. And it is small wonder they are being accepted as the all-round useful lightweight wrap it is always wise to have at hand in this capricious climate of ours. The most ephemeral of dresses would be perfectly immune from dust, dirt or rain beneath the smart Solgardine model pictured, perfectly cut and made and decoratively treated with stitched bands of the same. From every aspect this coat is a joy to the eye, the actual model seen being of a goldish-rust shade; but there is a rose-pink, blue tangerine, and a host of other shades all tempered by a sheen peculiar to Solgardine. Accompanying the coat is one of Burberrys chic little weatherproof hats and also their new "Brollisol," a title that speaks for itself.

DEFYING RAIN ARTISTICALLY

A Solgardine raincoat of goldish-russet shade with hat and umbrella of the same material, made by Burberrys, Haymarket, W.C.

Sketched by "Beta"

Hats for Sports and the Country

HOW very distinctive and good this class of millinery has to be nowadays to be accepted and worn by the really well-dressed, though that is a belief held for many long years by Woodrow's, 46 Piccadilly, and one that has made for the house a name valued the world over. Naturally, with many of their far-distant clients now in England, they are exceptionally busy. But the supply here is fully equal to the most extravagant demands, since

Sketched by "Beta"

THE SUMMER TOUCH

Two designs of hats to be seen at Woodrow's, 46 Piccadilly. The one on the right is the "Denise" tennis hat of woven Bangkok, the other being the "Roona" rolling sports model

the firm control, to a very large extent, the source of the supplies, and so can very quickly replenish any depleted stock.

That there will be a big run on the "Denise" tennis hat in woven Bangkok is a foregone conclusion. This model our artist has sketched on the previous page, but it must be handled ere its wonderful lightness and flexibility of brim are realised. In pursuance of their usual custom, Woodrow's are offering this delightful summer *chapeau* in all the newest colours, and trimmed with a folded scarf of georgette, the price being 45*s*. Of similarly feather-weight character is the "Roona" rolling sports model also pictured on the previous page. This is of woven cream raffia straw, the crown tied round with a wide corded ribbon, and the cost only 21*s*. The "Sheila" shady boater is another irresistibly becoming shape, built in a new plaiting of natural cream-coloured raffia, the brim finished beneath with a rouleau and crown banded with summer-weight black velvet ribbon, though any shade of velvet looks well against this delicate background.

Woodrow's, indeed, have a way with their sports hats it is impossible to define or describe. But there always seems just the little more of style and finish in every single model they produce that at once places them above and beyond the general ruck. Now to be had for the asking is the new season's catalogue, and Woodrow's are pleased to send goods on approval on receipt of a London trade reference or a deposit. Dealings with this old-established firm, however, are always straight, above-board and pleasing.

A NOVEL JUMPER

In a natural Moorit shade of knitted wool with Fair Isle border design. Made by Messrs. Chalmers of Oban, it costs only 45/-

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Value in Knitted Wool Garments

In deference to the large and ever-increasing demands, the famous old firm of Chalmers, Oban, have necessarily devoted much attention to Fair Isle effects in their knitted wool jumpers and cardigans, and are constantly evolving fresh schemes in colour and design, which, needless to say, are exclusive to themselves.

Illustrated is a novel style of jumper, carried out in a natural Moorit shade, with Fair Isle border design. Being planned with cross-over fronts, this is a particularly easy jumper for slipping over the head, and is one that will be found becoming to practically any figure. The cost, too, is most moderate at 45*s*. If desired, a skirt can be supplied to match, either in a plain colour or with the same Fair Isle border, and this is only one example out of an immense choice.

A favourite sports jumper is the "Glenlee," knitted of pure Kashmir wool, its outstanding features being warmth and lightness. There is always just the little more that means so much in a Chalmers knitted suit. The most cursory glance at once shows one the thoroughly good appearance, added to which there is invariably something out of the ordinary in the colour and knitted expression.

For both men and women Chalmers specialise in high-quality wool hosiery that is warranted to wear and last.

(Continued on page viii)

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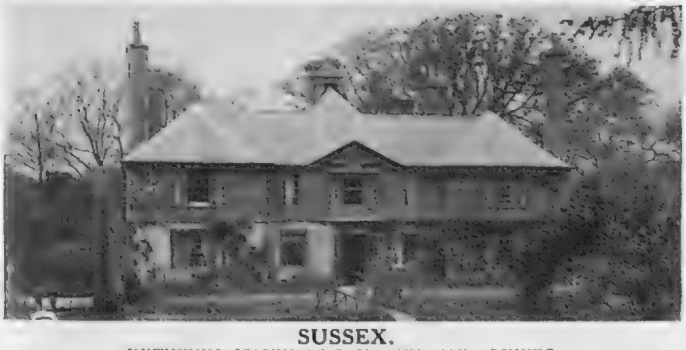

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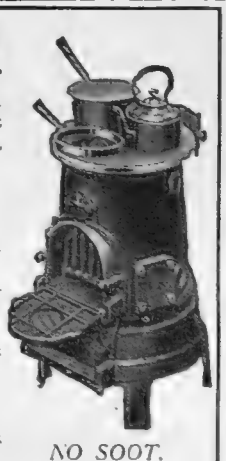

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Look for this mark on "PYREX" Ovenware — it is a guarantee against substitution

Give PYREX — the ideal Wedding or Birthday Gift

The Household Set of PYREX Ovenware is bound to be appreciated by the lucky recipient. PYREX Ovenware is transparent—it withstands oven heat—and will not flake, dent, rust or discolour.

Food can be cooked in it and served straight from the oven to the table, where the glistening PYREX Ware is in harmony with gleaming silver and spotless napery. By *cooking and serving* in the same dish you save labour in washing-up.

Ask to see PYREX Ovenware—there are a hundred useful shapes and sizes.

Prices now much reduced

PYREX

The Original Transparent Ovenware

MADE IN ENGLAND

The PYREX Presentation Set of 11 pieces illustrated above consists of Round Casserole with Cover, Cake or Bread Baker, Round Eared Dish, Oval Eared Dish, Tart Dish and 6 Round Ramekins.

Reduced price per set - 26/3

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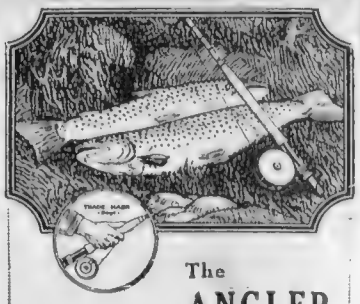

The **ANGLER**

usually finds that the best fish haunt the most "difficult" places. Great care and skill are always required if the fly is to be successfully "put over" these big fellows.

The use of the best Rod, Reel and Line for this delicate work is essential

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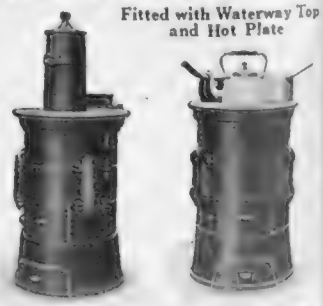
OPPOSITE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER
Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking in daytime

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking of

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
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GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6 ,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6 ,,	40	x 45	x 10
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Or same cubical contents.

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Effective June 4th, 1924.

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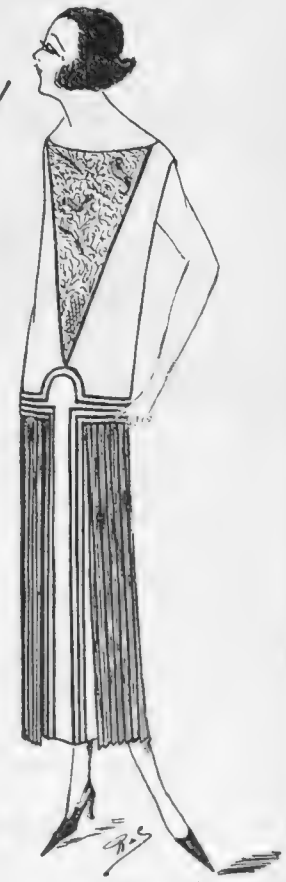

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Children love Price's Old English Lavender

Price's were the original discoverers of the way to preserve the natural lavender scent. No other lavender soap can equal Price's in fragrance.

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In old-time wooden boxes of six and twelve tablets.

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perfumes are favoured by leaders of fashion

Obtainable from all better class departmental and drug stores. .

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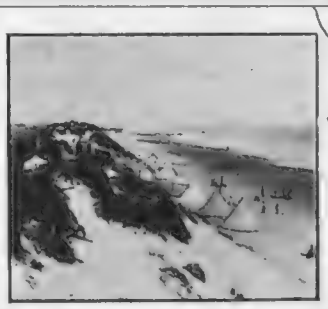

The Bracing Lincolnshire Coast

ON the Lincolnshire coast the Spirit of Youth goes hand in hand with venerable Tradition. Upon this glorious broadway of beautiful sands four delightful holiday resorts have in modern times risen to fame—Cleethorpes, Mablethorpe, Sutton-on-Sea and Skegness, each a children's paradise bounded by the limitless North Sea.

What antiquity of Wold and Marshland lies behind Youth romping on the dunes! Many are the charming excursions to be taken—to Boston "Stump" and the ancient Guildhall, in whose gloomy cells the Pilgrim Fathers were imprisoned; to Willoughby, the birthplace of that romantic explorer, John Smith, the "Admiral of New England"; to Lincoln, with its magnificent cathedral dating from 1088; to Crowland, with its still older Abbey and quaint Triangular Bridge.

Among the Wolds is Tennyson Land—Somersby, where the poet was born, and a dozen pretty villages where he roamed as a boy.

LNER

Ask for Illustrated Booklet, "Lincolnshire," also Apartments and Hotels Guide, free at any L N E R Office or from Passenger Manager, Liverpool St. Station, E.C. 2.

"For Every Occasion"

Hard Wear and Tear

Tennis, and strenuous sport of every kind soon proves the worth of Hosiery. The keen athletic girl needs Stockings that fit perfectly, look smart, feel comfortable, and above all, stand for hardest wear, and that is why she always has

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Stockings — the British-made Hosiery that is as good as Quality Hosiery can be

St. Margaret is the Hosiery with quality woven in every stitch—the Hosiery of a century's experience. Ask to see No. 5850 and 5896½ and judge the value for yourself. In Pure Wool, and a range of beautiful shades in Real Silk, Artificial Silk and Lisle

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OF GOOD REPUTE
IN ALL THE OLD-WORLD CAPITALS

"FELICIA"
in beige kid with patent facing, etc.

Henry Mayer Models are stocked by all leading houses in the British Isles, and in the principal cities in South Africa, India, Straits Settlements, Australia and New Zealand. For fuller particulars of Retailers, ladies should write to

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Obtainable Everywhere.

The Concentrated Perfumes by PIVER *are delightfully fragrant, refreshing and lasting.*

AZUREA, POMPEÏA, FLORAMYE AND TREFLE INCARNAT

7/6 Per Bottle.

L. T. PIVER., PARIS. Estabd 1774.

HEAT Cant crack it
FALLS Wont Break it

STEEL-GLASS OF EXCEPTIONAL THICKNESS. PROTECTED TERMINAL POINT.

The ISOVAC
STEEL-GLASS VACUUM FLASK

THAT'S CHEAP

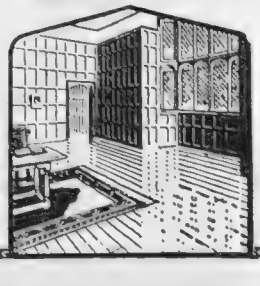
PRICE 5/6

Of all Stores Ironmongers and Chemists
Other styles at 8/6, 12/6 & 15/-
Quart size 11/6, 16/6 & 22/6

Stephenson's Floor Polish

Stephenson's Floor Polish gives almost everlasting wear to linoleum. It saves the labour of scrubbing, and preserves colour and fabric alike. Use Stephenson's for every kind of floor, oak, parquet, stained wood, oilcloth, etc.

Cardinal Wolsey's Privy Chamber.—*Hampton Court.*



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FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

The "Oronsay" stockings for ladies are made of thoroughly reliable Scotch fingering, knitted in a rib stitch, and in a long range of the newest shades, priced at 9*s.* 6*d.* the pair. The "Orkney" also, in fingering and tasteful mixtures, comes out at 8*s.* 11*d.* the pair.

Perfection for summer are the hand-knitted jumpers of pure Shetland wool that start at a guinea, an especially smart example having a checked dice border. But the thing to do is to write to Chalmers, Oban, for their several illustrated catalogues, from which the fullest information may be obtained.

A FAMOUS CITY LANDMARK

The Royal Exchange in the City of London, in which the Royal Exchange Assurance has had its head offices for over two hundred years. In two or three years' time this firm is taking over the premises in the building now occupied by the Corporation of Lloyds

A Holiday Suggestion

Celebrated through many ages for its fine scenery, invigorating air, and its pure water, Malvern is an ideal place for a restful and health-giving holiday. All the treatments offered by the other Spas of England are obtainable here. Situated amidst the cluster of those delightful hills which bear its name, from which one can get extensive views over no less than eleven counties, and its nearness to such old-world places as Tewkesbury, Worcester, Evesham, and Broadway, this lovely spot should prove a boon to visitors. The Great Western Railway provides a very efficient service of trains to this, the Queen of Inland Health Resorts. Further information can be had by applying to Major Conacher, the director of the Spa, or to the Publicity Dept., G.W.R., Paddington.

Striking a Fresh Holiday Note

Now that the summer holidays are close upon us, the question of "Where to go and how to get there" begins to loom large on the horizon. The Scottish Highlands are always popular with holiday-makers, so it is good to know that the Dundee, Perth and London Shipping Co., Ltd., are now running an excellent service of really comfortable steamers from London to various points in the Highlands and back. But it is not only the Londoners who are taking advantage of these cruises, one of which ential a stay at the historic Taymouth Castle, formerly the seat of the Earls of Breadalbane, now an hotel, for the North Briton who comes south to "do" Wembley takes advantage of the facilities offered, which not only assure a comfortable trip, but provide hotel accommodation on board during the vessel's stay in London.

"THE GRAPHIC" CUP

This cup, which is presented by "The Graphic" for competition at Bisley, is executed in sterling silver and stands 9½ inches high, excluding the plinth, and has a diameter of 12 inches. Made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, it is a reproduction of the famous Monteith Bowl, which was used for serving up punch in the time of William III and Queen Anne

BY APPOINTMENT

The ENCYCLOROBE

Height - 6′ 0″
Width - 4′ 6″
Depth - 1′ 9″

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Maple's Mail Order experts send selections of patterns and estimates by return of post

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Made in Oak divided into three main sections, each complete with separate door. Fitted with a hook for dressing gown and every convenience for the reception of men's clothing, underwear, shaving appliances, etc.

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THE LARGEST FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD

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EMPIRE EXHIBITION ADDRESS: 6 PACIFIC SLOPE

For that morning Hoarseness

which is so irritating and sometimes distressing, an 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille is a tonic to the throat and makes the voice clear and strong. Besides having a soothing effect they have a delicious slightly acidulous flavour characteristic of the fresh juice of black currants, which is the principal ingredient of the pastille. They are most palatable and may be taken as often as desired without causing any ill-effects, as they contain nothing deleterious.

Your Chemist stocks them.

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing
2 ozs. 8d.
4 ozs. 1/3
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ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.,
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DAINTY AND INEXPENSIVE HAND-MADE FRENCH LAWN NIGHTGOWN

DISTINCTIVE NIGHTGOWN (as sketch), entirely hand-made in fine French lawn trimmed Valenciennes lace and embroidered motifs, also on sleeve to correspond.

PRICE
29/6

The new 'Apache' Scarf in smart shaded crepe de Chine with edgings of Lancer feather to tone.
Price **39/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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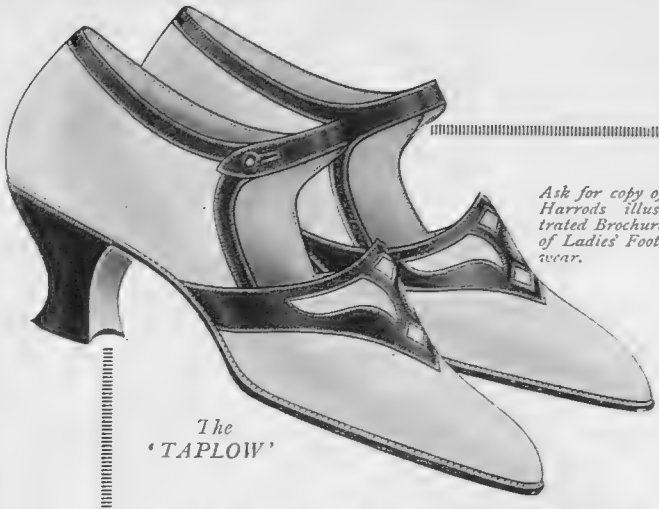


Ask for copy of Harrods illustrated Brochure of Ladies' Footwear.

The 'TAPLOW'

The Latest!

An excellent example of the fashionable Footwear now to be seen at Harrods. Made of fine White Suede Calf with Tan or Black leather strappings, leather heels and light welted sole. Sizes 3 to 7, fittings 3 and 4 **39/6**

Ladies Shoe Salon First Floor

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

In Holiday Surroundings.

Most "grown-ups" as well as children dislike sleeping in strange surroundings. At holiday time this dislike is apt to become very real. There is no surer, happier means of dispelling this aversion than by using PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS during your stay.

Whether at hotel, boarding house or furnished flat, "The Reassuring Light" will be found to create just that needed sense of security which is essential to comfort.

A copy of an interesting booklet "A Trip to Night Light Town" will be sent free on request to Price's Patent Candle Company Ltd., Battersea, S.W. 11.

Price's Night Lights

Neglect is Cruelty

Day after day, in the yard, his movements restricted by two or three feet of chain; a dejected, emaciated subject of cruel neglect. His rusty water-trough was empty; no signs of food. The rain poured through the top of the barrel in which he slept. And under these inhuman conditions, he would surely have succumbed, had there been no vigilant R.S.P.C.A. to secure for him a dry bed, food, and a daily period of liberty. To search out and rectify such a gross case of cruelty as this, the R.S.P.C.A., every year since its inception, has extended its operat ons.

With the object of continuing and extending this great work the Council of the R.S.P.C.A. appeal for financial aid and invite contributions to the Centenary Fund.

To Secretary, R.S.P.C.A.
105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

I enclose £ : s: d. **Donation** to the
R.S.P.C.A. CENTENARY FUND.

Name.....

Address.....

B Cheques and P.O's payable to Secretary, R.S.P.C.A. and crossed "Coutts & Co."

Some Ways of Cooking Calf's Head

Calf's Head, Sauce Piquante

WASH and thoroughly clean half a calf's head, remove the brains, and put them in a stewpan; cover the head with cold water, and add one carrot, one large onion, two sticks of celery, or, if the latter is not in season, some celery seed in a muslin bag, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one gill of vinegar and a dessertspoonful of salt. Skim well whilst boiling, let it simmer two and a half hours, and serve with the following sauce: Wash and cut up one onion, half a carrot, three mushrooms, and fry them till brown in 1 oz. of butter, then stir in ½ oz. of flour and one tablespoonful of Lea and Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce, and let it simmer for twenty minutes; add a pinch of salt, cayenne and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, stir in one pint of brown sauce, and pour all over the head. Roll up some slices of fried bacon and garnish round the head. The brains should be minced and cooked in a white sauce and served separately.

Braised Calves' Tongues with Brown Sauce

Trim, blanch, cool and pare two or three calves' tongues, then place them in a stewpan lined with slices of bacon, one peeled onion stuck with two or three cloves, a bunch of herbs and a few slices of carrot. Add about a pint and a half of stock, and cook the tongues till nearly done (about three hours), then take them up and remove the skin whilst hot. Strain the liquor in the stewpan, remove the fat, add half a pint of rich brown sauce and some finely chopped capers. Put in the tongues and continue to cook till tender. Cut the tongues into slices, dish up, and pour over the sauce.

Calf's Head Pie

Scald and soak half a calf's head and simmer for an hour in enough water to cover it, add the peel of a lemon, two onions, a bunch of sweet herbs. Take out the head when tender, and remove the bones and skin; return these to the saucepan, and boil two hours for the stock, strain, and when cold remove the fat. Have ready three hard-boiled eggs and ¼ lb. of cooked ham in thin slices. When cold, cut the head up into small pieces, and season the meat. Put a layer of ham at the bottom of the dish, then some head, the tongue in slices, and some forcemeat balls, fill the dish with alternate layers—but not too full, as the excellence of this pie depends on the flavouring and the jelly it will contain. Pour in the stock and cover with pastry. Bake about two hours. *Forcemeat Balls.*—¼ lb. of breadcrumbs, ¼ lb. of suet, the chopped rind of half a lemon, one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of minced herbs, salt, cayenne, two eggs. Pound all the ingredients well together, add the beaten eggs and roll into balls.

Croquettes of Calf's Brains

Wash the brains thoroughly till they become white, remove the skin and fibres, then pound them smooth, season with pepper, salt, and a pinch of white sugar. Add 2 ozs. of milk panada, a beaten egg and a teaspoonful of flour, leave it to get quite cold before rolling the mixture into balls, then dip in beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a pale golden brown. Sauce Piquante should be served with this dish.

Parsley Sauce

Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan and stir in rather less than 1 oz. of flour. Stir with a wooden spoon for a few minutes without allowing the flour to colour, add gradually half a pint of the stock in which the calf's head was cooked, add about a gill of cream. Stir until it boils and let it simmer for about twenty minutes. Lastly add the juice of half a lemon and a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley. N.B.—I am giving this sauce, as some people prefer it to the piquante sauce with calf's head. EMILIA

Chivers' Jellies

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices

The housewife knows that Chivers' Jellies are undoubtedly the best—best in quality and flavour, best for old and young, best for visitors and the home circle, and best for luncheon, tea, and supper. If you appreciate quality and buy on quality—well, do like your friends and neighbours: get Chivers' Jellies.

Delicious
Wholesome
Refreshing

BURGESS'
FISH PASTES
AND
POTTED MEATS
ARE THE VERY BEST.

Diplomat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

THE inimitable flavour of DIPLOMAT Cigarettes appeals to the smoker of cultivated taste. Their fragrant aroma and cool, sweet-smoking qualities are products of an unusually fine blend of specially-selected Virginia Tobaccos.

IN ARTISTIC BOXES

12, 1/-. 25, 2/-. 50, 4/-. 100, 8/-.

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 568

Your life in your hands—

Mother—the health doctor

You are your family's health doctor. See that every member of your family washes the hands with Lifebuoy before meals—after work or play—after touching soiled objects—after touching others.

Health is more than wealth.

Health is life and happiness.

Buy a carton to-day

Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH

L 267—34

Its wholesome, vanishing odour identifies the Lifebuoy health element

HOW can you, for a single instant, risk the loss of the only thing in life worth while—your good health?

Health is too often contemptuous of its foes. Yet these foes are dangerous—and ever present.

The simplest things you touch are the most frequent causes of sickness—books, public telephones, doorknobs, train and tram straps and hundreds of others.

Why hands must be purified

Doctors no longer worry about many things which used to be thought responsible for the spread of disease—they now know beyond all question that sickness is communicated almost entirely by contact with those who are sick or have apparently recovered but who deposit germs on everything they touch.

You cannot always help touching these people or the articles they handle. You cannot even keep your hands away from your nose, mouth or food. But you can purify your hands frequently. That is your surest protection.

A true health soap is the greatest preventive medicine ever created—the most valuable guardian of health.

What is the unique quality of Lifebuoy Soap which has made it one of the most widely used soaps in the world?

Is it the rich, creamy lather, so soothing and invigorating? Not altogether. Some other pure soaps make a pleasant lather.

Is it the startling cleansing power which dislodges quantities of grime from hands that looked perfectly clean? Possibly.

But the big quality, which makes Lifebuoy unlike any other soap, is the wonderful health element. The gentle antiseptic which the lather carries deep down into every pore, combating the invisible enemies always lurking on dirty hands.

The famous health element

It is the health element which mothers prize—which makes them so insistent that children and husband must purify hands and face with Lifebuoy, after work or play, before eating and always before going to bed.

It is because Lifebuoy protects, that mothers place a cake at every place where hands are washed.

Buy it in cartons, three double cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

GREER'S

"Yes Sir! O·V·H is the one whisky of which I can say with confidence It is the best"

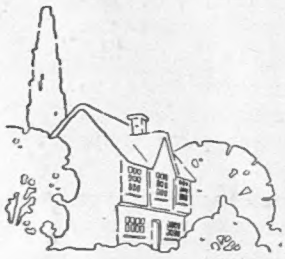
O·V·H

Old Vatted Highland

SCOTCH WHISKY

WILLIAM GREER & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers.
133 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.
London: 35 Trinity Square, E.C. 3.

Remember the name, always ask for GREER'S O·V·H



The 14/40 Sunbeam
and its standard of quality

IN the 14/40 h.p. SUNBEAM all the virtues of mechanical perfection, of braking security, of efficient springing, superb coachwork and exquisite finish, which have made the larger SUNBEAM models supreme in their class, are compressed into a car which costs but £14 yearly in tax. At £685, complete with four-wheel brakes, the 14/40 h.p. SUNBEAM offers incomparable value in a five-seater touring model.

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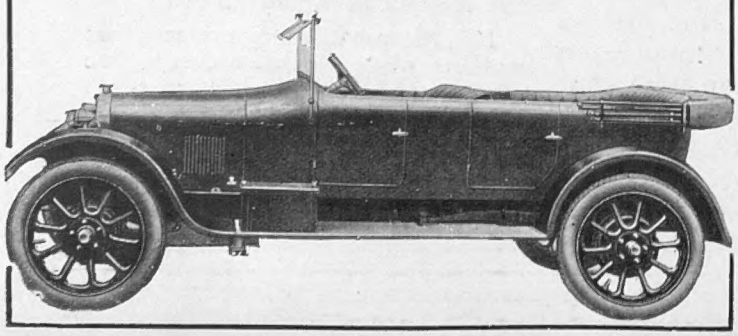

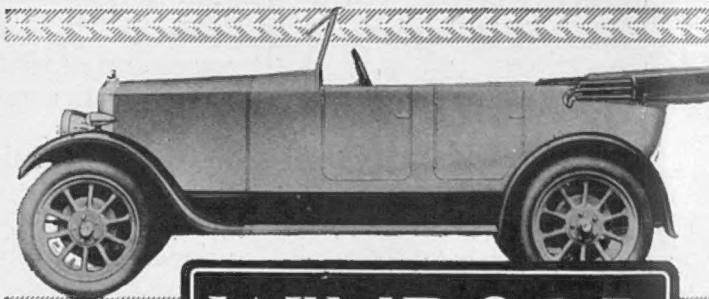

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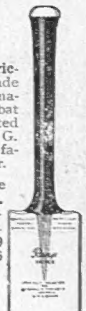

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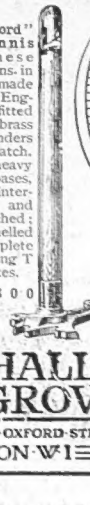

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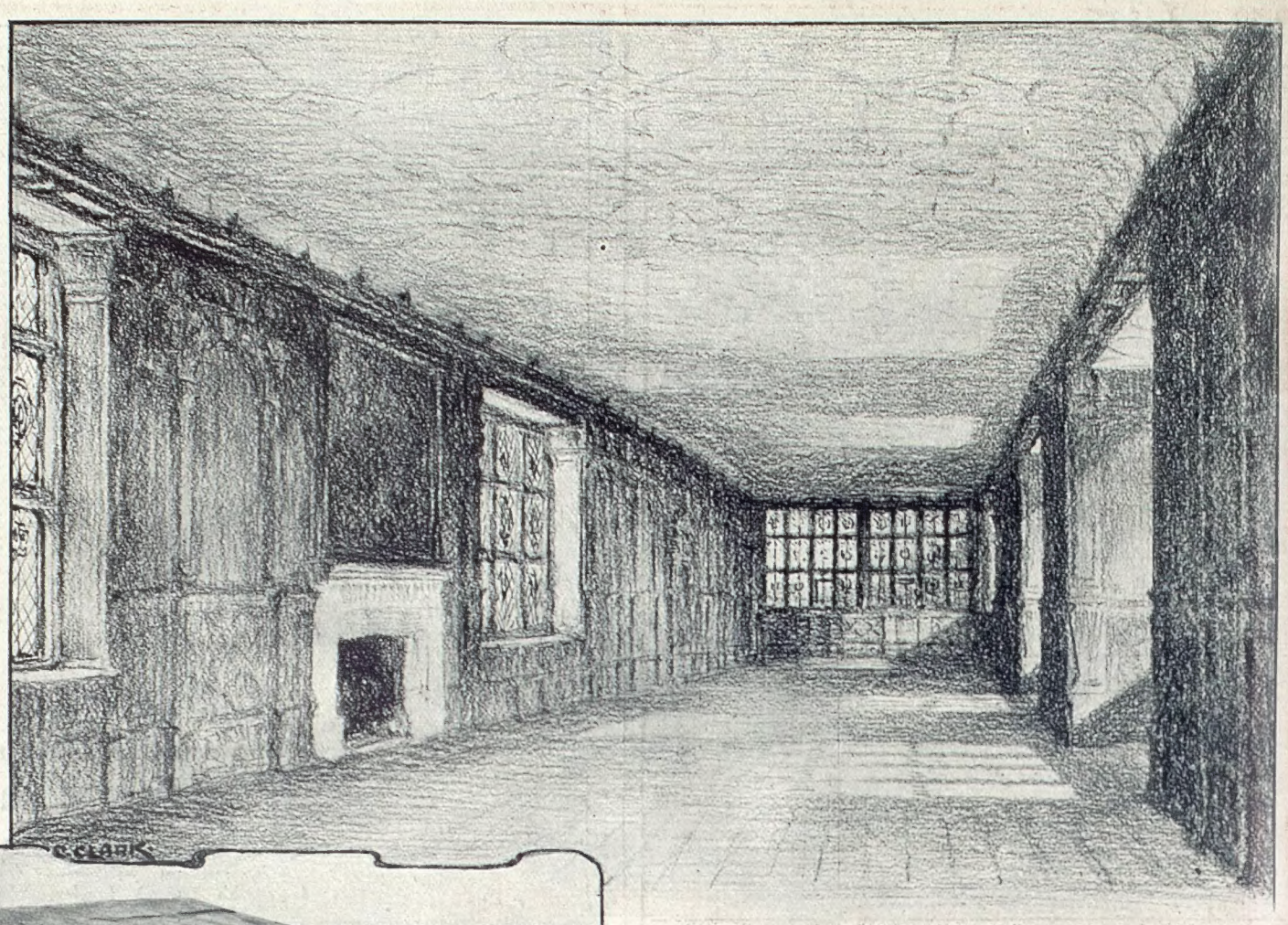
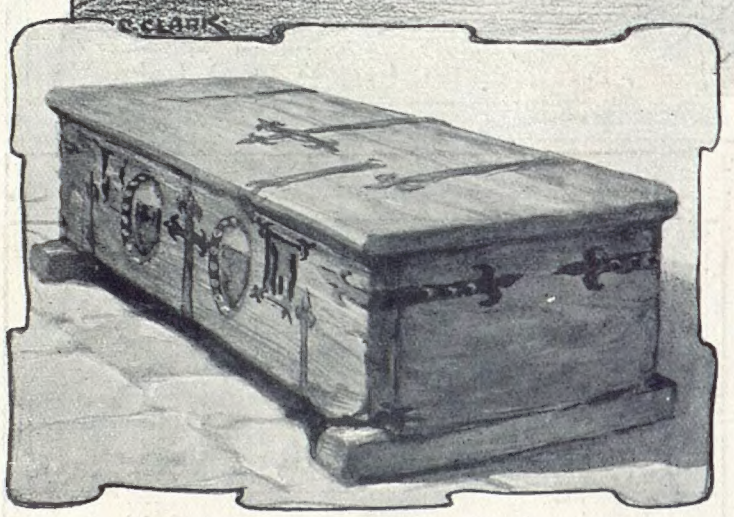


The Long Gallery—HADDON HALL.



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